AVANT
GARDE

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FRONT LINES

DON QUIXOTE WITH WINGS

Whenever The New York Times has occasion to mention Abie Nathan, the Israeli restaurateur and art gallery owner who twice flew personal peace missions to Egypt, it calls him "Israel's self-appointed peace pilot." The implication, understandable enough in this jaundiced world, is that the intrepid Abie's exploits are somehow a bit suspicious, perhaps undertaken as much for "publicity" as for peace. Is Abie Nathan for real?

Avant-Garde visited Nathan one day last fall at the Park-Sheraton Hotel in New York, where he had come to collect medical supplies for delivery to Biafra. In two days he was to make his fourth flight to that beleaguered land, again gambling against Nigerian guns and awful flying conditions to reach a tiny airstrip in the jungle intact.

He is 41 years old but doesn't look it. Well-built and robust, with black wavy hair and warm brown eyes, he gives the impression of a man who is used to pleasure and the good life, a man whose suave manners and native elegance might—but for an indelible streak of earnestness—mark him as a sort of model cosmopolitan playboy. As it is, he looks every inch the ex-RAF and -El Al Airlines pilot that he happens to be. His attitude toward being interviewed—accommodating but brisk—puts any lingering suspicions to rest.

He sketches his history for you with practiced speed, as though a trifle bored with it: born in Persia of merchant parents, educated in (of all places) a Jesuit school in India, joined the RAF in India, in 1948 smuggled guns to Israel from Czechoslovakia, Israeli Air Force captain for three years, El Al pilot for eight years; founded his restaurant, a small but prosperous establishment called "The California," in 1959, and his gallery a little later. "Before that," he says, "I'd just lived a gay life. I never thought about politics. But the customers of my restaurant—I advertised it as 'The Meeting Place of the Avant-Garde of Tel Aviv,' by the way—were mostly artists, writers,

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intellectuals, and politicians. They would come and argue and have discussions about art and politics. I never said anything, but I listened, and learned." Then, one night in 1964, he suddenly found himself embroiled in one such argument, vigorously speaking out for negotiated peace with the Arabs. The reaction of his clientele was mixed. "Many of them," he recalls, "objected to my interfering—they thought I should shut up and keep selling hamburgers—but some agreed with me. And I guess that's all I needed."

Slow to sense his calling, Nathan was anything but halfhearted in meeting its challenge. His first act was to circulate a petition calling for major concessions by both sides to resolve the continuing Arab-Israeli crisis. He accumulated about 100,000 signatures. In 1965 he ran for the parliament as "Abie the Peacemaker," and as part of his campaign promised to go in person to Egypt to promote negotiations. He lost the election, and anyone who had taken his promise seriously in the first place figured it was surely off now. But Abie had another idea. Thus he acquired a rickety, 39-year-old biplane, dubbed it "Shalom I," and—in March, 1966—took off in it bound for Egypt. He set down at Port Said and calmly announced to the flabbergasted airport staff that he had come to visit with President Nasser. That was not to be, but the governor of Port Said, anxious to see this prodigy firsthand, did meet and talk with him. The governor, Nathan says, was most cordial and seemed impressed by his mission, though not enough to intercede for him with Nasser. So Nathan was comfortably boarded (not locked up) in a local jail overnight and, his plane refueled, was seen safely off the next morning.

Back home, he was met by an enthusiastic crowd of well-wishers who seemed to view his feat as an ultimate in chutzpah. In high spirits, he delighted a press conference by reporting that he had played cards with guards at the jail, and —"Naturally, I won." Not all the local reaction was favorable, however, and for a time there was talk of prosecuting him for his indiscretion.

Then, in the spring of 1967, as a shooting war loomed, he felt desperate measures were again in order. He took off from England in another second-hand plane. Too late. The June War broke out just as he was preparing to fly from Cyprus to Egypt. However, as soon as the last smoke cleared, he landed again at Port Said. Again his reception was polite and puzzled, and again he was sent on his

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way. But this time there was no cheering throng awaiting his return to Israel. Instead, he was ushered by two military planes to a secluded airstrip and whisked off to jail, where he was held without charge—meanwhile engaging in a total hunger strike. Embarrassed, the authorities released him on bail after two days. He was ultimately sentenced, for illegal entry, to 40 days or $400. He chose the 40 days—and contributed $400 to a military hospital.

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However, Nathan knows that he must soon return to Israel, where tensions are, if anything, getting tighter, to resume his efforts there. As usual, he and his friends and followers will be in a distinct minority, subject to the scorn of the local hawks and even to cynical deprecations on the part of many Arabs. And, as usual, this won't really bother him. "You know, there are some people in Israel who listen. But I'm not trying to convince everybody. I'm just doing what I think is right. I'd carry on even if nobody believed."

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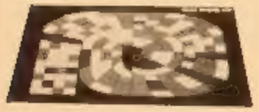

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harried out of their native land. Albie, 36, a black-haired, boyishly handsome man, was once a brilliant trial lawyer in Cape Town. Stephanie, 28, a wistful beauty, was once a physiotherapist. That was before their associations with certain interracial and antiapartheid groups brought down on them the full weight of South Africa's Byzantine "antisubversive" legal apparatus.

When Albie and Stephanie met four years ago in Cape Town, it was as counsel and client; but they had a lot in common otherwise. Both were "banned"—forbidden by the Ministry of Justice to engage in certain kinds of social and political intercourse (prohibited, for one thing, from ever being in the company of more than two other persons at one time). Both had been imprisoned under the incredible "90-Day Detention" law, whereby an arbitrarily jailed victim can be held up to 90 days without charge and practically incommunicado, usually for the purpose of extracting information which then forms the basis for prosecution of the victim and as many others as can be implicated. Albie had written a stirring book, The Jail Diary of Albie Sachs (McGraw-Hill, 1966), about his 168 days in solitary confinement during which time he successfully resisted all attempts to make him answer questions. At the end of 90 days he had been cruelly "released," then rearrested before he could set foot outside the door. But, he being a well-known man, he was not physically tortured.

Stephanie, whose story is told in Albie's new book, Stephanie On Trial (not yet published in America), was not so lucky. In 1964, 23 years old, she was "detained" as a suspected member of the African Resistance movement. One night in a police station she was subjected to an interrogation lasting several hours, during which she was forced to remain standing. Eventually, as she continually refused to talk, an officer nicknamed Spyker entered the room. He begged her to make a statement, proclaiming that he was very fond of her. Still she remained silent, so Spyker started hitting her. He repeatedly hit her in the face. Then he pulled her hair, yanking it out by the roots. Then he knocked her down and smashed her head again and again against the floor. Stephanie talked.

Based on the information she gave, Stephanie was charged under the catch-all law against "sabotage" which carries a maximum penalty of death. However, defended by Albie, she received upon conviction a virtually token sentence of a year and a half—while Albie got for his pains still another 90-day detention, during which he again held out against interrogation, this time accompanied by sleep-deprivation torture. By the time she was released, they had decided to marry, but they realized that permission from the Ministry of Justice (required under their "banning" orders) would probably be denied. Thus, heartsick and exhausted by their long ordeal, they accepted one-way exit permits and emigrated to England.

The pair regard their past and present with a peculiar mixture of buoyancy and melancholy unmarked like Albie's books, by any hint of self-pity. If anything, they are a little distressed to be in such relatively happy circumstances while so many of their compatriots continue to endure persecution. "There are about 10,000 political convicts in South Africa at the moment," Albie said, "and an unknown number of detainees. A lot of these are blacks and they're treated like cattle—subjected to torture and every kind of insult." The daily tragedy of discrimination in South Africa has made England, its budding racial problems notwithstanding, seem to them a near-Utopia. Said Albie: "I nearly cried for joy when I arrived at the station here and saw blacks and whites sitting on the same bench."

As Albie has made clear in his books, South Africa is a land afflicted with a sort of acute moral schizophrenia: on the one hand, brutality; on the other, a need to be loved. Captain Rossouw, Albie's tough chief interrogator during his 168-day confinement, was childishly delighted that his former victim would deign to say hello to him on the street. And Stephanie recalled: "Spyker's assault on me was all the more devastating because up until then he had been kinder to me than the others. He was free with cigarettes and was always talking about his children. A couple of days after he beat me, I asked him, 'Did you have a good night after assaulting me? Did you play with your children?' He was furious. He said, 'What assault?' He denied it ever happened."

Albie is going to school now, studying philosophy at the University of Sussex. Having spent most of his law career contesting political cases, he hasn't the stomach for the mundane property and contract suits that would engage him as a barrister in England. Stephanie works full time for an antiapartheid organization. The Sachs's are in exile in England, and in South Africa the Spykers and the Captain Rossouws reign supreme. "It's a good country," said Albie Sachs, "for policemen."

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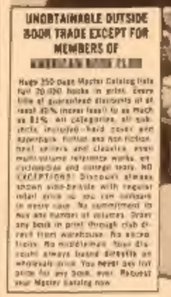

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TOWARD A NEW SPIRIT OF '76

42 LEADING AMERICANS OFFER SUGGESTIONS ON HOW TO CELEBRATE AMERICA'S FORTHCOMING BICENTENNIAL

COMPILED BY LEWIS M. POWELL

To commemorate America's 100th Birthday in 1876, Cleveland publisher James F. Ryder commissioned A.M. Willard to paint "The Spirit of '76." It depicts the heroes of America's first revolution—the Minutemen who fought for our nation's independence.

To commemorate America's 200th Birthday in 1976, Avant-Garde commissioned Carl Fischer to photograph "The Spirit of 1976." It depicts the heroes of America's present revolution—the avant-gardists who are struggling for sexual freedom, racial equality, and an end to war.

With a little of the luck that has got us this far, the United States of America will survive the next seven years sufficiently intact to feel like celebrating its Bicentennial—200 years of uninterrupted, if often beleaguered, existence. We at Avant-Garde believe that it is none too soon to begin planning the observance of this anniversary, an event too important to be left up to the pea-sized imaginations of government bureaucrats. Consequently, we have asked 42 of America's leading architects, writers, scientists, scholars, entertainers, and other distinguished citizens to suggest how we might fittingly mark the close of our second century. Their replies, which we present on the following four pages and which we commend to the attention of responsible authorities, are remarkable for their almost unanimous concern for basic principles—for a new dedication to ideals of national virtue and accomplishment. They amount to a detailed portrait of what America is now and what America should become.

Richard Morris
HISTORIAN

Of course, the President's American Revolution Bicentennial Commission, of which I am a member, has decided very little as yet, but I can tell you this: We don't want a lot of battles and that kind of nonsense, like the Civil War Centennial a few years ago. I think the Bicentennial will be celebrated with a big central event, probably in Philadelphia, and probably with a World's Fair. We're hoping that the Fair will be tied into the theme of the American Revolution, and also that the theme will be tied into the Olympic Games, scheduled for Los Angeles in 1976. The international angle is justified because, after all, the American Revolution had a world-wide impact. It was an anti-colonial revolution, sending out shock waves that are still reverberating—for instance, in the current struggles of formerly colonial nations. It is my personal feeling that the American Revolution is still going on, and that America is still advancing toward the fulfillment of some of the ideals set forth in 1776. And I hope the Commission will be able to get this idea across.

Dr. Albert Sabin
MEDICAL RESEARCHER

To think of goals for medical research in terms of the U.S. Bicentennial would be parochial, for the objective of medical research is simply to diminish human misery—a goal that transcends place and time. But if you ask me what the greatest source of human misery is, I must tell you that it is beyond the pale of medical science. It is poverty. Even in our own country there is that problem among 10 per cent of our population, which is 20 million people. And I would say that one of the greatest objectives that the United States could set itself for its 200th Anniversary as a nation would be to become the leader in the struggle for really meaningful action to deal with growing world-wide starvation. If we can do that by 1976, we'll have done a great and wonderful thing.

Theodore Bikel
FOLK SINGER

Let's celebrate our 200th Anniversary by acknowledging that we are a forward-looking people ready to reform and re-form old customs and antiquated notions. By way of a symbolic act, let's change the National Anthem, replacing "The Star-Spangled Banner" (which has been with us only since Herbert Hoover elevated it to the status of official anthem in 1931) with a song which 1) is singable; 2) makes for a musically and spiritually uplifting experience; 3) can be sung without embarrassment by the young and the blind and the Puerto Rican and the Mexican-American; 4) has a positive orientation toward the beauty and greatness that is America; 5) removes the anthem from the realm of "rockets' red glare and bombs bursting in air." "America the Beautiful" or "This Land Is Your Land" would sound better, sing better, and sit better than our present exercise in martial patriotism.

Charles W. Moore
ARCHITECT

For 1976, after 200 years of a national existence deeply prejudiced against cities, let's see if we can't build a city we really *like*, a city actually worth visiting. By "city" I do not mean a little "new town" that turns out to be another bedroom suburb with a lake. I mean something big enough to be relevant to our national needs and capacities—bigger, say, than Chicago was when it was rebuilt after the cow-lantern incident. The creation of such a city would take a great many of our best minds, finest artists, and biggest computers; but just imagine the triumph of building finally on these shores a city we are not ashamed of!

Samuel Eliot Morison
HISTORIAN

The most appropriate observation of the 1776 Anniversary would be a series of pageants put on by different communities, illustrating episodes of the Revolution, not merely battles. This was done with great effect in 1926 for the Sesquicentennial; and also in 1920 on the 300th Anniversary of the landing of the Mayflower. Nowadays, these pageants could be TV'd.

Seymour Krim
WRITER

I'll celebrate America's Bicentennial by writing as an *American*, mine may be the last generation (those 40 to 50) of critical patriots. Nationalism is losing its hold on the young artists and writers of every country, especially ours, but I can no more kick Americanism out of my head than I can change my handwriting. All this rah-rah American jazz can be a sentimental—and in some cases sinister—bore, I know, but I feed on it like a red-white-and-blue sucker. America's greatest heroes—those who have done the most for the country—have been the men and women who have needed her the most. I was totally orphaned at the age of 10, from parents, from any set rules for living or thinking, and I fell upon this land like a hungry waif. I have absorbed its shit as well as its divinity, and I hope to pay my dues to the Uncle and the Flag before I'm through.

Terry Southern
WRITER

Well, we have always been great ones for heroic-scale statuary—the Washington Monument, Lincoln Memorial, Grant's Tomb, that sort of thing—so I should think the most appropriate commemorative, under present circumstances, might be a gigantic memorial—wrought of concrete, shit, and blood—representing the battle of David and Goliath. While the work is still in drawing-board stage, we must keep in mind the two possible outcomes of the conflict—and closely follow the Paris peace talks and the body-count bulletins from Saigon, in trying to anticipate the winner. But, in any case, we will certainly know which of the two contenders should be dressed in the Stars-and-Stripes, forever.

Amitai Etzioni
SOCIOLOGIST

Having reached maturity, the United States may celebrate by *letting go*—I mean not just once but for good. For starters, all legal sanctions against crimes without victims should be abolished, making legit the consumption of pot, and sex (of all kinds) between consenting adults. Next, the work week should be cut to five hours a day, four days a week (for consenting adults). A 10 per cent sales tax should be imposed on all gadgets, the income from which would be used to reduce the prices of cultural items (from LPs to art books), to teach people to relax in their leisure time, and to retrain military personnel in civilian jobs. Oops. You said 1976? I thought you meant 2076.

Conrad Hilton
HOTEL MAGNATE

A committee of people from all walks of life should draw up certain social, scientific, and international goals and present them to our leaders and the general citizenry. The major concerns—such as the control of our physical environment, automobile safety, the conquering of diseases, and racial harmony—would take on special urgency if crystallized and articulated in terms of a deadline as significant as the 200th Anniversary of our beloved country.

Malvina Reynolds
FOLK-SONG WRITER

Here are three proposals: 1) a One-For-One Institute, providing means, education, and social sanctions so that no person living should reproduce more than his own number, and those who have no children at all would receive special honors. This is a way to cut back on population rather more acceptable than war, famine, and disease; 2) the Littletown movement, whereby metropolises would be dispersed into moderate-sized communities; and 3) the outlawing of private ownership of the means of production, thereby disposing of government corruption, wars, advertising, proliferation of police power, and other pains in the neck.

Ernest Dichter
CONSULTING PSYCHOLOGIST

For 1976, I propose two fundamental changes. First, we must impose an Intelligence Tax, to compel our more intelligent citizens to help solve society's problems (in much the same way that we now impose an Income Tax). Second, we must habituate the general public to accepting change. Readiness to accept change must be taught in schools, and the Congress should create a Department of Change.

Huntington Hartford
PATRON OF THE ARTS

For the Exposition of 1976, I would suggest a museum large enough to house many of the world's most important paintings in the form of full-scale photographic reproductions—paintings such as "The Last Supper," "The Feast at the House of Levi," and "The Night Watch," which would be difficult or impossible to move from their permanent locations.

Louis I. Bakanowsky
ARCHITECT

We the people of the United States, in order to form for ourselves a more profitable existence, have squandered, exploited, and polluted our natural environment. We have dehumanized our cities and failed to provide for the common health and beauty of the land. We have also neglected the general welfare, and therefore do not secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity... This country's problems are too great and time is too short for us to tolerate a Bicentennial celebration that is just a rehash of the "Exhibition Palace," in which tastefully chosen tidbits are housed under glass. In 1976 we must turn the *whole country* into the Exposition. THE MESS IS THE MESSAGE!

Marshall McLuhan
COMMUNICATIONS THEORIST

The United States is the only country in the world that began with literacy as a foundation and as a program. The Gutenberg technology, through its hardware service environment (postal systems, press, highways, railways), accounts for the unique fabric of American life and institutions. However, it is the inevitable fate of all literate institutions to be scrapped in favor of the new electrical technology. What America must do, as it approaches its 200th Anniversary, is decide how much of its old structure can be retained and translated into the new environment, so as to make the transition from the old style of goal-orientation to the new style of role-playing as smooth as possible.

Herbert Aptheker
MARXIST SCHOLAR

If the United States is to be true to the content and promise of its founding document, the following acts should mark its 200th Anniversary: 1) the class, ethnic, and sexual composition of government will be made to reflect the makeup of the total population; 2) all basic industry, utilities, and natural resources will be nationalized; 3) all manifestations of racist conduct will be made serious crimes, promptly punished; 4) no families or individuals will be permitted to live at poverty levels and none at luxury levels; 5) American foreign policy—in accord with the Declaration of Independence—will everywhere support colonial liberation and will liquidate all anti-Communist and pro-Fascist alliances; and 6) on July 4, 1976, Congress by Joint Resolution will strip J. Edgar Hoover of all pension rights and perquisites in view of his long record of signal disservice to democracy; and this resolution will be read to a Joint Session of Congress by Huey Newton and Eldridge Cleaver.

Nina Simone
SINGER

I propose that the U.S. Congress pass a law to make all Afro-Americans millionaires. This would be a most constructive step toward solving the race problem. What more fitting way to celebrate this great event?

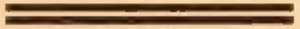
Percival Goodman
ARCHITECT

You ask me to suggest something architectural for America's Bicentennial. Do you want the Liberty Bell reproduced in cooky dough, 40 stories high, stuffed with hamburger and topped with a cherry from the true tree? Can do. Or maybe a maxi-sculpture of George's wooden teeth? This could be monumental; we could redo the Grand Canyon in the shape of a mouth and line it with macro-scaled dentures. Needs a little work, but can do. Or, and I'm sure we can do this, shall we engrave on the head of a pin the story of how we carried civilization to Vietnam? Peace, brother! A pox on your monuments and architectural innovations! What I do suggest is a seven-year debate, starting right now, about how we can finally get some of those "inalienable rights" the Declaration of Independence talks about. That way, maybe we can look forward to some architecture later on that won't be *1984-Brave New World*, or a lunar landscape right here on earth.

Jonas Mekas
FILMMAKER AND CRITIC

Let all prisons be closed or torn down; all prisoners, except for the few who need serious mental treatment, should be freed for life. A total amnesty should be de-

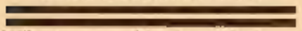
clared. The army should be disbanded, as should the police. The making of arms should be declared unconstitutional. Buckminster Fuller should be made the Minister of Constructions. The Film-Makers' Cinémathèque of New York should get back all the films and equipment seized over the years by the New York police.



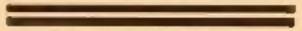
Jim Morrison
POP SINGER AND COMPOSER

Take an Indian home to lunch.

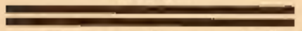
Leslie R. Groves
GENERAL, U.S. ARMY, RETIRED



I would like to see any celebration emphasize a rededication to the principles on which our nation was founded—principles which now seem to be out of favor with our self-styled intelligentsia. And I can think of no better location for such a celebration than Valley Forge, where our forefathers suffered for us; or Yorktown, where they saw their efforts crowned with success; or even Lexington or Concord, where they first took a serious stand; or even Gettysburg, where for three days they battled to preserve the country.

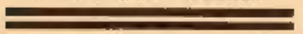


Catherine Drinker Bowen
HISTORIAN

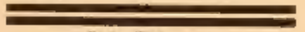


I hope the Bicentennial will honor the ideals of '76, rather than its battles. John Adams said that the *real* Revolution took place not on the battlefields but in the minds and hearts of the people.

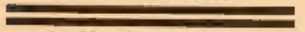
Bruno Bettelheim
PSYCHOLOGIST AND EDUCATOR



The best way to celebrate our Bicentennial would be for us to stop fighting each other. I am not talking about putting an end to war, but of finding peace among ourselves.



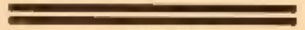
Duke Ellington
MUSICIAN AND COMPOSER



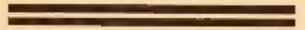
For some time I have been considering composing a musical suite that would reflect America's progress and promise at age 200. As I see it, 1976 will be a turning point at which America must decide whether it is still young and strong, or past its prime.

Robert Moses
CITY PLANNER

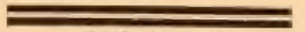
The place for the Exposition of 1976 must be Philadelphia. Its title should be the Philadelphia Franklin Fair, a neat bit of alliteration at once boosting the town and recalling the greatest of all the framers of our Constitution, the first all-around, modern American. Most of our current publications, stage and screen, print and air, aim to show that the apparent success of the United States has been illusory. The trouble, of course, is with the reporters, not the people. The Independence Bell still rings in Philadelphia, and it tolls not doom but the joyful peal of renewed youth and glad tidings. I know no reason why this should not be the greatest World's Fair since the New York World's Fair of 1964 and 1965.



James H.J. Tate
MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA



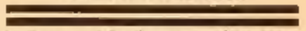
Philadelphia's Centennial Exposition of 1876 was one of the great public events of the 19th Century and the first king-size U.S. exposition. It set precedents which have lasted for 100 years. The public saw and used the first telephone there, and ate the first ice-cream cones. Philadelphia, having set the precedent, thinks it's time for a change. We believe the Bicentennial Exposition of 1976, which Philadelphia expects to host—because, among other reasons, the Declaration of Independence was signed here—should create new precedents which will be just as sweeping in their impact on the next century. We think, for a start, that it is time to depart from the old emphasis on products and technological innovations. We seek a Bicentennial Exposition that will deal with contemporary ideas, people, and world problems. In any event, Philadelphia is the *only* logical place to hold the exposition.



Cleveland Amory
CRITIC AND WRITER

My main suggestion is that all major festivities, from opening tea party to closing gun—if you'll pardon the expression—should be held in Boston. You may find this hard to believe, but I have actually heard rumors that *other* American cities are claiming, from *Boston* if you please, the honor of being the No. 1 Revolutionary city! And among these other cities is, and this truly stretches the imagination, Philadelphia. Now let me make clear that I have nothing against Philadelphia, but—well, I quote to you my own dear Bostonian aunt who was once asked why she didn't travel more. "Why *should* I travel," she explained patiently, "when I'm already here." So look no farther, I say. Boston and the 200th—they were meant for each other.

Edward M. Kennedy
UNITED STATES SENATOR



As senior Senator of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, it is a pleasure for me to endorse efforts on behalf of nominating Boston as the site of the United States Bicentennial World Exposition in 1976. Certainly Boston would be the most appropriate site. I need not emphasize the role of Boston and its citizens in its historic fight for freedom. All Americans and, indeed, all the world, recognize the significance of that role in the formation of the Revolution and of the United States of America.

Roger Katan
ARCHITECT

At the present time, an impermanent fair, with its enormous waste of money and talent, is indefensible. I propose that we celebrate our Bicentennial with a completely new urban life style. We must erect large public wishing walls on which people can write whatever they like; open store-front art studios; offer free film and cameras for people to record their way of life; organize city Olympics; offer Bicentennial Scholarships to all babies born in 1976; grant free patent filings to all new inventors; and, inaugurate a special nationwide Celebration TV Channel.

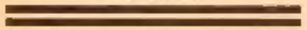
Paul Krassner
EDITOR OF THE REALIST

I think that we should have another revolution, the traditional kind, where you free yourself from your oppressors. Black people, poor people, students, hippies, Yippies—of all sexes, ages, and colors—will throw off those people who have compromised their humanity to varying degrees by their participation in the system.

Joseph Wood Krutch
SCHOLAR AND NATURALIST

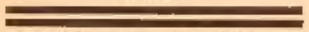
Announce a general reassessment of values and aims by abandoning the moon project and devoting all funds now allocated to it to solving problems here on earth.

Oscar Brand
FOLK SINGER



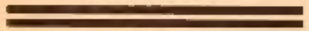
Any celebration of our Bicentennial should be characterized by revolution. The United States is like an internal combustion engine; there have to be continual ignitions and explosions, otherwise we just stand in one place. The first of these explosions was the white man's arrival on the new continent, and the second was the American Revolution. Nowadays, we find the reins of power are moving to the poor, the lower classes, and the young—and this is another revolution. Its success would be a perfect celebration of our Bicentennial.

John Rechy
WRITER



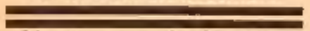
Erect a beautiful monument to the hip generation of the mid- and upper-1960s who refused to take the crap of the impotent old militarists, politicians, and academicians.

Maxwell Geismar
LITERARY CRITIC



I think it is wise of Avant-Garde to think about celebrating America's Bicentennial now, even though the occasion is not due till 1976. It seems to me there is a very good chance that the USA may not be around when the correct time comes, and it is better, as Scott Fitzgerald used to say, to celebrate prematurely, than never.

David McReynolds
PACIFIST AND RADICAL POLITICIAN

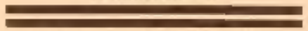


One useful way America could celebrate its Bicentennial would be to abolish our archaic state governments. Vast numbers of problems (like traffic, air and water pollution, etc.) can be dealt with only by reaching across state lines. You can't deal with smog in New York because the smog blows in from New Jersey—unless you want to *bomb* New Jersey. The idea would be to start our third century with a truly up-to-date governmental structure.

Jackie Robinson
BLACK LEADER

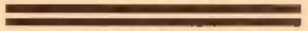
Having become an *independent* country 200 years ago, we should aim to become a *unified* country by 1976. America's blacks and whites are now headed on a collision course. The Nixon Administration is doing nothing to avert it. Unless drastic action is taken *now*, there will be little to celebrate in 1976.

Bernard Geis
BOOK PUBLISHER

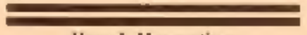


My suggestion is that all book publishers should band together in honor of this historic occasion and jointly agree not to publish a single book commemorating the 200th Anniversary of the United States. It would, I believe, be the better part of patriotism to permit this event to celebrate itself without being encumbered by a ceremonial avalanche of coffee-table books.

Johnny Carson
TV PERSONALITY



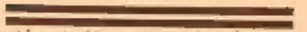
Why concern ourselves with the 1976 Bicentennial? The way things are going, we probably won't be here in 1976.



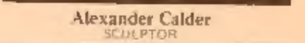
Hans J. Morgenthau
POLITICAL SCIENTIST

We could best celebrate our 200th Anniversary by living up to the principles laid down by our Founding Fathers. In foreign affairs this means realizing that our strength lies not in attempting to impose our will by fire and sword, but in setting an example for other nations to follow. It isn't really a question of radicalizing our Constitution but of practicing its principles.

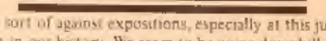
Otto Preminger
FILM DIRECTOR



I was not born in this country; perhaps for that reason I appreciate it more than those who were. I would like to see the wealthier citizens of America celebrate its 200th Anniversary by paying a *voluntary* tax surcharge so that the hungry of this country might be fed. This would be the perfect national birthday present.

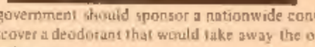


Alexander Calder
SCULPTOR

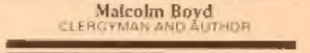


I'm sort of against expositions, especially at this juncture in our history. We seem to be going downhill too fast to celebrate. I'm for marking our 200th Birthday quietly, if at all.

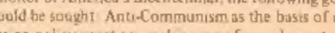
Tuli Kupferberg
POET AND FUG



The government should sponsor a nationwide contest to discover a deodorant that would take away the odor of deodorants.



Malcolm Boyd
CLERGYMAN AND AUTHOR



In honor of America's Bicentennial, the following goals should be sought: Anti-Communism as the basis of our foreign policy must go, making way for an honest and creative attitude toward the Third World. The black experience in America should be taught, expertly and painstakingly, to whites. Colleges will exist to open up the human capacities of people, not to bureaucratically professionalize them for dehumanized use within the technological society. Churches will become service organizations instead of bastions of privilege; no longer tax-exempt, they will move out of the real-estate business, sexual enlightenment and political responsibility will be taught; religion will be seen as a force to unite, not divide, men and women. Dollars—billions of them—will be paid as reparations to Afro-Americans and Indians, to compensate, partially and symbolically, for slave labor, the usurpation of land, and people murdered by the state. Disarmament will be required. And national interests will be sacrificed for the betterment of mankind.

THE DECLINE AND IMMINENT FALL OF THE FEMALE BREAST

SCIENTISTS SAY THAT SO FEW AMERICAN MOTHERS NURSE NOWADAYS THAT THE BREAST MAY SOON BECOME A VESTIGIAL ORGAN

BY WARREN BOROSON

ILLUSTRATED BY DONNA GURTINSKY

There are two types of women in America: women who, when they become mothers, breastfeed their babies, and women who, when they become mothers, don't. Typical of those ladies who wouldn't nurse—bottlers—are Doris Day, Clare Boothe Luce, and Madame Bovary. Typical of those who would—breasters—are Barbra Streisand, Sophia Loren, and Becky Sharp. And sad to say, the bottlers vastly outnumber the breasters.

Despite the overwhelming advantages of breastfeeding, and despite the fact that 90 per cent of all women can nurse, only 20 per cent of American mothers even bother to try—a paltry percentage that every other country in the world can beat. A lot of women say they favor nursing, but very few breast the tide. As one physician put it, everybody gives breastfeeding lip service—except babies. True, breastfeeding is getting to be rather voguish—especially among the wives of college students—but the over-all trend is ever downward. In America the female breasts, so exquisitely designed to nourish the young, are a bust.

Why don't more women breastfeed? And why would Daisy Mae nurse, but not Olive Oyl? There are a number of interesting answers to these questions, but before delving into them let's examine some of the reasons why women should nurse.

To begin with, babies who are nursed are likely to be healthier—physically and mentally. Of course, most people think that cow's milk is "the perfect food." There's one qualification: perfect for calves. For babies, mother's milk is best—it's more nourishing and more easily digestible than cow's milk or formula, and it contains important antibodies. A baby who has nursed is less apt to come down with stomach and intestinal disorders like colic and constipation; with allergies like diaper rash, asthma, hives, hay fever, and eczema; with respiratory infections like bronchitis and pneumonia; with virus diseases like the common cold, measles, mumps, hospital staph, and polio; with kidney trouble; with obesity; and—because breast-fed babies suck more—less apt to wind up with poor facial development. (See Nursing Your Baby by Karen Pryor and The Family Book of Child Care by Niles Newton.) The American Academy of Pediatricians has even recommended that mothers breastfeed—because cow's milk contains strontium 90.

The physical benefits of mother's milk don't end during infancy. Studies conducted by Dr. Charlotte Nash and her associates indicate that throughout the first 10 years of life, children who were nursed needed fewer special visits to the doctor, were hospitalized more rarely, and had fewer illnesses of any kind. According to an English physician, Dr. G.R. Osborne, breast-fed babies—as adults—are less likely to get hardening of the arteries. According to an Australian physician, Dr. Raymond Green, there's evidence that breast-fed babies—as adults—are less likely to get heart disease.

Unlike the physical benefits of breastfeeding, the psychological benefits have not been definitely proved, but the evidence is nonetheless persuasive. For there are a half-dozen things that babies need if they are not to become Wednesday's children, full of woe; and breast-fed babies will probably get these things, while bottle-fed babies will only possibly get them.

Babies need to be touched. Experiments have demonstrated that if infant monkeys are never handled or stroked by their mothers, as adults they cower in corners and scream with terror at any change in their habitats. As for human babies, psychologist Lawrence Casler of the City College of New York recently compared eight babies who had been stroked for 10 minutes twice a day with eight babies who hadn't been stroked, but had been talked to and treated kindly. (Divided between the groups were three sets of twins.) After 10 weeks the babies who had been stroked crawled better, vocalized better, were more cooperative and adaptable, and so forth. In fact, psychologist Paul H. Mussen, of the University of California at Berkeley, even suggests that tactile stimulation "may be a basic, innate drive." And certainly breast-fed babies as a whole are touched more than bottle-fed babies are—touched by the breast, and touched by the mother, who must hold her baby to feed him (bottles are often held by the baby or propped up by the mother).

Babies need to be trustful. According to Erik H. Erikson, the Harvard psychoanalyst, a baby who trusts his mother will grow up trusting other people; a baby who distrusts his mother will grow up distrusting other people. "Experiences connected with feeding," Dr. Erikson goes on, "are a prime source for the development of trust." And babies who are nursed, it is clear, will seldom feel that their mothers are traitors. For one thing, breasters are around more of the time: they can't just stick a bottle in the kid's mouth, say toodle-oo to the babysitter, and hightail it to the movies. As Margaret Mead has put it, "The feeding bottle made possible the establishment of total impersonality from the time of birth, and so an infancy without tenderness or warmth." Bottle milk may also bitterly disappoint a baby. It may be too hot or too cold, and even when it's at body temperature, it cools rapidly. Then too, breasters will probably demand-feed ("need-feed" is the term Anna Freud prefers) rather than schedule-feed, for three reasons: 1) they have no bottles to sterilize, no formula to heat, just a blouse to open; 2) they get pleasure from nursing—sometimes sexual pleasure; and 3) unless emptied rather quickly, a breast full of milk can be uncomfortable. There are added psychological benefits to need-feeding. Babies not fed soon after they start hollering may become dependent children—because they have been made to feel powerless; and they may also become obese adults compulsively stuffing themselves—because a hungry baby doesn't know he will ever be fed, and grows up terrified of starvation.

Besides needing to trust their mothers at feeding time, babies need to suck. Some babies are even born with their thumbs in their mouths. But the nipples on baby bottles are deliberately made with large holes, to make it easy for baby to get milk. The result may be that artificially fed infants don't suck enough—and therefore, according to the psychoanalysts, they become "oral personalities," people who compulsively smoke, drink, and talk; people who compulsively try to accumulate money (to quote psychiatrist Michael M. Miller) "as a substitute for sexual adequacy and as a defense against both material and emotional deprivation."

Perhaps most of all, babies need to feel loved, to be paid attention, to be smiled at, to be cooed to, to be played with. The less affection a baby receives, studies of institutionalized babies have shown, the more immature, apathetic, dependent, and vegetative he will get, the less strength of character and sense of self he will develop, and the more likely it is that he will become a psychopathic personality. As a group, it has been demonstrated, breasters love their children more—partly because they chose to breastfeed in the first place. When they see their babies for the first time, for instance, as psychologist Niles Newton and her OBG husband Michael have reported, breasters seem more overjoyed than bottlers seem when they see their babies for the first time. It's also true that nursing tends to increase the affection that breasters have for their infants. One small reason is that breast-fed babies smell better—unlike bottle-fed babies, they don't smell of sour milk and their eliminations and sweat don't have a nasty odor. And one big reason is that, as Niles Newton points out, "The hormone prolactin is active in breast-feeding mothers. The hormone causes unmotherly animals to act motherly, and there is some evidence that it has the same effect on human beings." Many years ago, the great sexologist Havelock Ellis wrote: "In some women, indeed, whom we hesitate to call abnormal, maternal love fails to awaken at all until brought into action...by the act of suckling."

Because nursing mothers are good mothers, like their children they get all sorts of nice presents from Santa Claus. Thus, a woman generally has one chance in 25 of getting breast cancer; if she nurses for six months, the chances drop to one in 125. Nursing helps a new mother's uterus contract, which prevents hemorrhaging. And, as mentioned, most women find the act of breastfeeding a delightful experience. Some call it calming—"It's like the effect of two Martinis," a breaster told me. Some breasters are even luckier. "The act of suckling," Havelock Ellis has written, "tends to produce in women voluptuous sexual emotions.... One lady, perfectly normal, states that she has had stronger sexual feelings in suckling her children than she has ever experienced with her husband.... Many other women state generally that suckling children is the most delicious physical feeling that they

have ever experienced." One young woman, he reports, tried to become pregnant as often as possible "solely because of the voluptuous sensations she derived from suckling." A very, very fortunate few are those who obtain orgasms from nursing. "Lactation insanity," Havelock cluckingly called it, proceeding to note that "Lactation insanity is often accompanied by fantasies regarding the sexual organs."

Nor are fathers whose babies are nursed left out in the cold. As Karen Pryor (Philip Wylie's daughter, and a zoologist in her own right) reports, their wives' figures get back into shape faster, for one thing, and for another their wives' figures often improve. What's more, nursing is cheaper than bottlefeeding.

And let us not overlook the harm that bottlefeeding does to civilization—and not just by turning out unhealthy, distrustful, dependent, insecure, obese people. As Karen Pryor has written:

"One can speculate that the transfer of the baby's attention from the mother to the bottle and her inevitable abandonment of him at mealtimes, makes the bottle more important than ever as a token of comforting, and that this is at the root of our American admiration of material things at the expense of the spiritual . . .

"Possibly the anxiety that marks our culture is in part due to the custom of depriving our infants of body contact, leaving them in firm-surfaced cribs, feeding them with a cool, rigid rubber nipple and glass bottle, picking them up as little as possible, and even carrying them in a plastic chair rather than against the mother's body. . . .

"In fact, most scientists in the field of infant behavior are beginning to agree that the fantastically high level of mental illness in this country is due, at least in part, to the systematic frustration of normal mother-infant relationships, from standardized surgical deliveries to the hospital isolation of infants, rigid child care systems, and the almost universal failure of lactation."

There is at least one other way in which bottlefeeding harms civilization. For it is clear that the American male's childish idolatry of the female breasts is due to the decline of nursing. In fact, the connection between bottlefeeding and breast worship helps explain why so many American men don't want American women to nurse—including husbands, obstetricians, and pediatricians.

The female breast has almost always been the object of admiration, but never before has a society suffered so much from what anthropologist Eric John Dingwall calls "bosom mania." In America, as Dr. Kinsey was astonished to discover, men are more interested in a woman's breasts than in her genitals. Puerile jokes about the breasts abound ("There are two good reasons why I like Raquel Welch"; "The leading cause of breast cancer is men who smoke"), as does baby-talk slang designating the breasts (tits, titties, boobs, boobies, knobs, bells, muffins, knockers, a pair). Today it seems that advertisers can't sell fuel oil or chewing tobacco without showing a big-bosomed blonde in a bathing suit. Only in America do grown men drool over the pictures in Playboy, frenziedly patronize topless clubs, restaurants, and bars, and value large breasts over smaller, shapelier ones. As Harold J. Laski once pointed out in another context, Americans are prone to mistaking bigness for grandeur.

Breastfeeding started its decline in the 1920s, at a time when flat-chested women were the rage and young girls bound their breasts to make them unnoticeable. "Far too many young girls come to me nowadays," a 1920s physician wrote, "with nipples at the level of their navels." Breast-fetishism began booming during World War II, 20 years later, as evidenced by the emergence of pin-ups, sweater girls, and "skin" magazines. To quote Eric John Dingwall, "Although in 1939 Gaudefroy Demombynes maintained that the American man preferred a finely formed leg to the curves of a well-developed bosom, there were signs that a breast boom was well on the way, and by 1942 it was raging."

It is partly because they had been deprived of nursing that the young American men of the 1940s began yearning for the legendary comfort and beckoning mystery of the female breast. But that was not the only reason, for it does not explain why older men of the time also became breast fetishists. Perhaps a more important reason is that, once the female breasts became useless, once their function was no longer to provide milk, they became clean.

Dirt, as the psychiatrist Lawrence J. Kubie has pointed out, may be defined as "anything which either symbolically or in reality emerges from the body, or which has been sullied by contact with a body opening"—with the possible exception of tears. The fact is that many people unconsciously confuse the products that emanate from a couple of body openings with the products that issue from the rest of the openings, so that everything that emerges is felt to be dirty and disgusting—saliva, sweat, blood, and so forth. The body, as Dr. Kubie put it, is a "dirt-making machine." This explains, he goes on, why we gag at the thought of using someone else's toothbrush (the health danger is minuscule), and why spitting at someone is the unspeakable insult that it is. It also explains why breasts filled with milk repel so many people. Cow's milk is sold in brightly-lit stores, inside shiny wax or glass containers, and people tend to forget that the fluid comes from the teat of an animal. But no one can forget where mother's milk comes from, and to many people it unconsciously represents a hideous conglomeration of all the nasty things that issue from the human body. As Karen Pryor writes, "exudations from the breast seem like excrement; breastfeeding becomes an unclean act, to be performed in private like evacuation, and even spots from leaking milk are offensive." "The author," Dr. Kubie reports, "knows of two young internes in pediatrics who promptly vomited on discovering that they had unwittingly drunk human milk from the supply in the hospital ice box." Indeed, we have hit upon the main reason why the health professions in America discourage breastfeeding. The psychiatrist Marvin Schwarz talks of "the need on the part of the medical profession and on the part of the nursing groups which go along with it to repress and deny the biological implications of motherhood and human life, to pretend that, essentially, there is something 'dirty' about nursing, that there is something 'dirty' about female breasts." But they aren't pretending, they're calling it as they see it.

Reassured that a woman's breasts are totally nonfunctional and never give forth anything so foul and filthy as milk, and never seeing women actually nurse their babies in public (as they used to), the American man continues to lust after the bust, and to subtly or crassly dissuade women from nursing. These American men have had their way. "The modern breast," Mrs. Pryor writes, "is a featureless geometric shape from which any trace of basic use has been eliminated. And this shape itself is unrealistic. The 'ideal' breast, the breast which the garment industry now builds into bras, beach clothes, and strapless dresses, has no natural yield or grace to it. It is a firm cone, as immovable as the iron-armored bosom of a Valkyrie, with a combination of size and uplift which is almost never found in nature (except, interestingly enough, in the lactating breast, which is supported by the milk within). Psychiatrists describe this as a phallic breast, with its thrusting rigidity, it is really more of a male symbol than a female one."

Yet it is women who, in the final analysis, decide whether they will become breasters or bottlers. A grumbling husband they can put off; an uncooperative physician they can change; the propaganda of the bottle and formula makers they can ignore. Of course, some women try to breastfeed and fail, but if they really and truly made an effort, we shall deign to consider them breasters, too. A bottler, by definition, is a woman who decided beforehand that she didn't want to nurse her baby. And now we are at the nub of the matter. Does she or doesn't she—and why?

History provides us with a clue, because there have been fashions in infant feeding. Sometimes mothers breastfed their babies themselves; sometimes they employed wet nurses, or fed their babies "pap"—soft food, like bread and water. As mentioned, bottlefeeding became popular in the brittle, sophisticated 1920s, when people cared more about having fun than about having children (Scott Fitzgerald's friends were aghast when Zelda became pregnant). Mother's milk also went to waste in Imperial Rome, in Periclean Athens, and in much of the 18th Century—in short, during classical times, when the leaders of society are formal, restrained, sedentary, pseudo-scientific, conventional, supercivilized, smug, and uninterested in children. In romantic times, artists go back to nature, scientists go back to experimenting, mothers go back to breastfeeding, and everybody goes back to loving children. It all seems to depend on how natural people are.

Next, let's see what scientific studies have to say about the differences between breasters and bottlers. A recent article in the New England Journal of Medicine, by Niles and Michael Newton, exhaustively reviewed the literature. Breasters are better-educated, they are more maternal and more satisfied with the female role (bottlers tend to be envious of men); they are more interested in sex (they want, for instance, to resume intercourse with their husbands as soon as possible after giving birth), they are less hung-up about sex (approving of masturbation, petting, and necking); they have fewer psychosexual disturbances and fewer disturbances in their general behavior, they are less conventional, and in their relations with other people they value warmth more than bottlers do. Breasters, then, seem more accepting of life, more natural.

Finally, let's listen to what the bottlers themselves have to say. They tell Dr. Spock (who favors nursing) that breastfeeding is "immodest" or "animal-like." Dr. Eva Salber, of the Harvard School of Public Health, reports: "The idea of nursing repelled them. They were excessively embarrassed at the idea or too 'modest' to nurse." In England, L. John Newson and Elizabeth Newson found that the English bottler feels "a deep-seated revulsion from the whole process, often quite inexplicable to the mother herself." "The most common objection to nursing," Dr. Michael Miller declares, "is...the mother's feeling that it is an animal function. As one new mother put it, 'Nursing is just too cow-like for me.' For some women the dread of identification with animals is so severe that they feel ashamed of the whole process of pregnancy." Ve-e-e-ry interestink.

Obviously, many bottlers—like many men—unconsciously think of breastfeeding as excretion, and no wonder they can't understand their own revulsion. But why is an act that is "animal-like" so disgusting? Why do these women feel that breastfeeding is for the birds—and other animals? Just what's wrong with Lassie, Puss in Boots, Black Beauty, Pretty Kitty, Rover, and Spot?

Well, animals scratch themselves in naughty places. They don't cover their mouths when they yawn. They don't eat with knives, forks, spoons, and napkins. They have sexual relations for all to see. They give birth and suck right in the open. They go to the bathroom and don't use a bathroom. They're just as natural as can be, and very, very unlike the animated Barbie Doll that is the ideal American woman, who shaves the natural hair under her arms and on her legs, who deodorizes her natural odors and bathes herself in unnatural fragrances, who masks her face with rouge, powder, lipstick, eyeshadow, and mascara, who wears fake eyelashes and fake bosoms and paints her nails and caps her teeth, and who is never, never supposed to sweat. An animal is the very opposite of this ideal, and the sugar-coated women of this world don't want to be reminded that they have anything at all in common with such dreadful creatures, including breasts that were designed for suckling. You can easily spot such women. Just show them the following passage from The Practical Home Doctor for Women and Children (1882), by Dr. David Wark, the Dr. Spock of his time:

"Undue accumulation of milk in the breasts undoubtedly causes painful distention. When this is the case, the milk should be removed, preferably by drawing the nipple with the mouth or by putting a young puppy to the work."

They faint every time.

Breasters, it seems, are basically more accepting, more natural, more animal-like than bottlers. But you won't learn the significance of this by asking psychiatrists. We are dealing with sane people here, because most bottlers aren't neurotic. And psychiatrists specialize in the sick—in schizophrenics, manic-depressives, anxiety neurotics, and so on. Yet there are a lot of sane people in this world. And some sane people, obviously, are saner than others.

Abraham H. Maslow, a psychologist at Brandeis, and a former president of the American Psychological Association, decided to find out what makes some people more mentally healthy than others. So he began studying what he called "self-actualizing" people—"people who have developed or are developing to the full stature of which they are capable." The men and women he studied were all eminently sane, and among them were Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln ("in his last years"), Albert Einstein, Eleanor Roosevelt, Jane Addams, William James, and Benedictus Spinoza. He also studied some people who fell a little short, among them Walt Whitman, Henry David Thoreau, Ludwig van Beethoven, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and Sigmund Freud. A third category was for partially or possibly self-actualizing people, among them George Washington Carver, Eugene V. Debs, Albert Schweitzer, Fritz Kreisler, and Goethe.

What did these unusually sane people have in common? To quote Professor Maslow, "Their behavior is marked by simplicity and naturalness, by lack of artificiality or straining for effect." The self-actualizing person "practically never allows convention to hamper him or inhibit him from doing anything he considers very important or basic." "They have an especially tender love for children." They also have "the wonderful capacity to appreciate again and again, freshly and naively, the basic goods of life...." They are always creative. They are "certainly not fashionable or smart or chic," and they are "essentially not interested in chatting, gay conversation, party-going, or the like...." They are very friendly with members of the opposite sex, and feel no envy or rivalry. They "tend on the whole not to seek sex for its own sake," but to combine sex with love. "...their talk of sex is considerably more free and casual and unconventional than average...." Very probably "the sexual pleasures are found in their most intense and ecstatic perfection in self-actualizing people...." They have "a superior awareness of their own desires, opinions, and subjective reactions in general." And all of them feel they have a mission in life. They "feel that they are doing something really important to improve the world."

Perhaps the single most crucial attribute of the self-actualizing person, however, is his acceptance—of himself, of others, of nature. Dr. Maslow writes:

"The first and most obvious level of acceptance is at the so-called animal level. Those self-actualizing people tend to be good and lusty animals, hearty in their appetites and enjoying themselves mightily without regret or shame or apology. They seem to have a uniformly good appetite for food; they seem to sleep well; they seem to enjoy their sexual lives without unnecessary inhibition, and so on, for all the relatively physiological impulses. All of these are accepted without question as worth while, simply because these people are inclined to accept the work of nature rather than to argue with her for not having constructed things to a different pattern. This shows itself in a relative lack of the disgusts and aversions seen in average people and especially in neurotics, e.g., food annoyances, disgust with body products, body odors, and body functions....The animal processes, e.g., sex, urination, pregnancy, menstruation, growing old, etc., are part of reality and must be accepted. Thus no healthy woman feels guilty or defensive about being female or about any of the female processes."

Dr. Maslow nowhere mentions breastfeeding, but it is perfectly obvious that breasters tend to be self-actualizing people and self-actualizing people tend to be breasters. Breasters are simply more mentally healthy than bottlers. They live fuller, happier lives. And anyone can confirm this for himself just by examining a list of women who have breastfed: Grace Kelly, Barbra Streisand, Margaret Mead, Vanessa Redgrave ("There are only two things in my life that I am totally proud of and secure about—having given birth and suck to my children"), Shirley MacLaine, Queen Elizabeth II, Dina Merrill (briefly), and Jean Seberg. Amy Vanderbilt ("It's socially acceptable if done in private") tried but did not succeed.

Breasters and self-actualizing people are, unfortunately, a minority of the population. But because they are creative and evangelistic, they are a powerful minority. The breasters have been fighting the good fight. In 1956, nursing mothers got together to defend the faith and spread the good word, and today La Leche League International has 20,000 self-actualizing members. (La Leche means "the milk," and comes from the Spanish phrase for the Madonna: Nuestra Senora de la Leche y Bien Parto [Our Lady of Bountiful Milk and Easy Delivery].) "Intelligent, well-educated mothers," Dr. Elmer Grossman of Berkeley reports, "are increasingly choosing to nurse." People are pointing to the situation in the Soviet Union, where the government officially supports breastfeeding and where mothers who work get time off to nurse their babies. It may be that breastfeeding, despite predictions to the contrary, will make a magnificent comeback in America.

Let's hope so. Because there are people who think that not only nursing is the way out, but that the functional female breast will go the way of all useless flesh. If generation after generation of American women continue to ignore the benefits of breastfeeding and continue to neglect the harm done by the perversion known as bottlefeeding, the dark possibility exists that American women will eventually be born incapable of nursing. "A great many scientists (including physicians)," Dr. Bryan A. Michaelis of Frederickstown, Mo., wrote to the Medical Tribune recently, "are about ready to consign the human female breast to the ranks of other 'vestigial organs,' such as tonsils, the appendix, the thymus, and the pineal gland."

The Appeal of Folk Singing: A Landmark Opinion

BY WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE, UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

About the time of World War I I was for a few months each year part of the restless, unhappy but stoutly independent group of migratory workers who moved south to north in search of work in the Pacific Northwest.

Meeting places, where a pot of stew would be improvised, were under railroad bridges. It was there I sojourned with IWWs whose lusty challenging voices gave "Frankie and Johnny" some lurid verses and made "Hallelujah I'm a Bum" a work of art.

Through railroad yards across wheat fields and up and down the orchards of the Pacific Northwest mostly sad songs echoed, songs that Woody Guthrie later called "hurt songs." There was power in his words describing the sharecroppers' plight:

Thirty days we got to spend in jail
'Cause we spoke at a union and we ain't got bail

We who rode the rods knew what he meant.

Years later I met Carl Sandburg. He and I once sang almost the whole night through as he strummed his guitar and the moon sank over his shoulders. His songs, later collected in *The American Songbag*, reflected mostly sadness and loneliness. Even

Oh the Erie was a-rising
The gin was getting low

had a sad, sad ending, as I recall.

I remember one of Woody Guthrie's songs:

The lonesomest sound, boys
I ever heard sound, boys.
On the stroke of midnight
Hear the curfew blow
My buddy will hang, boys.
On the hangman's rope, boys
On the gallus pole, boys
When the curfew blows

Years ago I sat way into the night with an Irish friend. The hour of execution at the hands of a British executioner in Ireland arrived and an Irish patriot, unknown to me, met his death. At the stroke of the clock my Irish friend led us all in the singing of "When the Curfew Blows."

My longest era of folk singing came in the '30s and '40s when Alfred Hobson, who worked at the RFC, lived in Georgetown. He knew most of the folk songs and hammered out their tunes on an old piano.

"Oh, Dem Golden Slippers!" and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" were among his favorites from the black community.

"The Blue-Tail Fly," "She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain," "I Wish I Was Single Again," and "Foggy, Foggy Dew" were among his vast repertoire. He sang with gusto "The Unreconstructed Rebel," a pungent relic of the Civil War. One night James Conzelman, famous All-American halfback and coach of the Chicago Cardinals, came by and I made a list of over 360 folk songs that were sung without a break. Jimmie contributed a unique one: "The Biscuit Song."

It's easy enough to take a biscuit apart
The difficult thing is to put it back just as it was.

Hobson's folk songs ended with the risqué and of these the best known began "There was a little spider went up the water spout."

The cowboys I knew sang plaintive songs. They and the blacks seemed to pour the drudgery and misery of their jobs into their music. The best cowboy singer I knew was Tom Whited of Cle Elum, Washington.

"I Ride an Old Paint" and "Poor Lonesome Cowboy" were two favorites. But the prize was "The Strawberry Roan." Tom Whited, who never smoked, always lit a cigarette at the start of this song, letting it burn freely to the end, then lighting a fresh one from the old and so on. He sat on the back of an old kitchen chair as he sang, slightly teetering. Memory of the old chorus still echoes in me:

He goes up in the east and comes down
in the west
Just to stay in the saddle I'm doing my best

I never sang with Pete Seeger except in audience participation at his meetings. His songs cover a wide, wide range, and they have a moving socio-political cast:

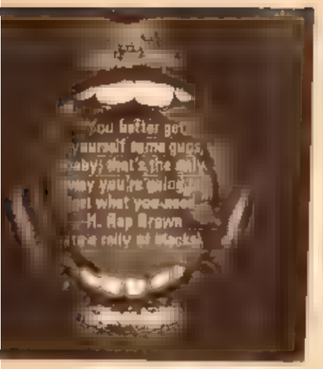
We shall not, we shall not be moved
The union is behind us
We shall not be moved

Both Joan Baez and Tom Whited sang "The Lord's Prayer" beautifully. But Joan has a range and variety that Tom and most of the others did not have. Her lyrics are tender, her humor light, her moments of ecstasy ethereal. And when she sings of Vietnam, the soul of a nation seems to pour out in protest.

Folk songs and law may seem far apart, but the compassion of folk songs sometimes finds its way into law.

A distinguished historian decries the impotence of Carmichael, Cleaver, and other black militant leaders

THE BLACK POWER FAILURE



By James R. Scofield

Stokely Carmichael, the black militant leader, told a meeting of Arab students in the United States and Canada convened at the University of Michigan last August 27th that he and other black militants were ready "to take up arms and die if necessary to help the Arabs recover Palestine. We will help the Arabs in any way we can not only with words but with our lives. We are ready. There are many of us who are getting prepared, and we intend to fight imperialism. We will fight for Egypt."

Carmichael's speech constitutes the most comforting statement ever made by a black leader in the U.S. It unmistakably implies that all the objectives of the black struggle have been so firmly secured here at home that blacks can now afford to export their arms, their leadership, their minds, their bodies, their military training, and their dedication to protect poor Egypt, Syria, Jordan, Iraq, Algeria, Lebanon, Sudan, Saudi Arabia, and Yemen from Israeli "imperialism."

Not that it would be particularly unfortunate if Carmichael kept his promise. In fact, nothing Carmichael has ever done for the Black Liberation movement in this country—no contribution he may have made in the past—could match the tremendous service he would do the black cause every where if he would go himself to the 7,000 miles away from here and there enlist some like-minded black leaders with him. He would deserve the greatest monument Harlem could build. Unfortunately, Carmichael, like his Arab hosts in Ann Arbor, is obviously well aware that he needs about the chances of a snowball in hell of ever getting in Africa. But Carmichael's betrayal is not embodied merely in his willingness to help one whitey kill another. The whitey he is willing to die for happens to be the *only* whitey in the world today who is performing outright genocide on blacks. And by genocide I mean just that—not oppression, not lynchings, not riots, not second-class citizenship, etc., but the total annihilation of the black population simply *because* they are black. This murderously racist whitey is not in the U.S., and he's not in South Africa, Rhodesia, Mozambique, Angola or Biafra (where blacks are being massacred for being Ibos, not for being black). He is not Jewish and he is not Christian. He is Arab and Moslem. The one and only country in the world today that is committing genocide on its black population is the Sudan. The nine million Moslem Arabs of North Sudan have used the Moslem Arabs of South Sudan as slaves. Intermittently, but on occasion systematically, the black Southerners have been massacred by the Northerners. According to *The New York Times*, nearly every village in the South has been burned to the ground." The Sudan is Nasser's ally in the war against Israel and a leading member of the Arab League—which Carmichael is so eager to shed black American blood.

Could the fact that Carmichael just says [illegible] explain his reluctance to attack the Sudan? Because they call themselves "Arabs"? Because he is following the example of Malcolm X who said on hearing of President Kennedy's assassination: "The chickens have come home to roost." Because he is following the example of Cleaver who called Robert Kennedy "a pig," saying that Sirhan deserved a medal for killing him? Or does Carmichael's Arab line, first promulgated by Malcolm, have something to do with the fact that Malcolm's regard to Mecca and Carmichael's round-the-world trip were financed by the Arab League? What is more Uncle-Tomish than serving a massacrer of blacks like Nasser just because he gives you his money while egging on the desperately urged leaders of the black man here in the United States?

Black leadership today is a gag. It is a whole series of self-aggrandizement, of excessive identification of [illegible] posturing by [illegible] Instead of furthering real leadership of blacks, many black leaders have manufactured white-world careers for themselves. Black leadership feeds on white media and is fed by it. It is leadership of the black by the black, but *for* the white. And most important, it has not only failed to improve the lot of the blacks in this country but has actually reversed whatever real progress the black man was making. Behind the attache cases on Madison Ave. the Negro members of LBJ's cabinet, the Negro generals and congressmen and all the black faces in showbiz and TV ads, not to mention the [illegible] Negro social parasites who have made it their business to [illegible] the whites and the majority of blacks in this country is widening every day. Even President Johnson admitted in his last State of the Union message that "the plight of the Negro is not getting better, it is getting worse." And ironically, despite all the spouting off of black leaders in the white media, the most [illegible] group is the widest of them all.

Now if at this point you expect me to call for a return to nonviolence, to patience, moderation, and gradual integration, you could not be more mistaken. Nonviolence, perhaps more than any other single factor, is responsible for the bankruptcy of today's black leadership. Martin Luther King came under the spell of the great Mahatma Gandhi only by way of his legend. What is not usually noted is the fact that Prophet Gandhi's nonviolence achieved India's independence only 50 years ago. It had little to do with obtaining independence, which came as a result of the crumbling of the British empire. Gandhi's "nonviolence" resulted in [illegible] assassination but also in one of the biggest bloodbaths in India's history. The American Negro, with power and [illegible] has been equally a failure. By inflating aspirations without the remotest realistic hope of satisfying them by preaching nonviolence, by encouraging organizations without a program of action and a party platform through which to press their demands by gaining control of the political machinery, by mass demonstrations, rallies and fairs of centuries only to bash them against a blank wall and above all by dramatizing the problem without offering any means of solving it except through sit-ins, freedom rides and sickening panaceas as "prayer and love," nonviolence served only to create an uncontrollable rage, an anarchy of mind and heart and a perfect breeding ground for the demagogues, opportunists and sloganeers who have now taken over black leadership.

Is there an alternative?

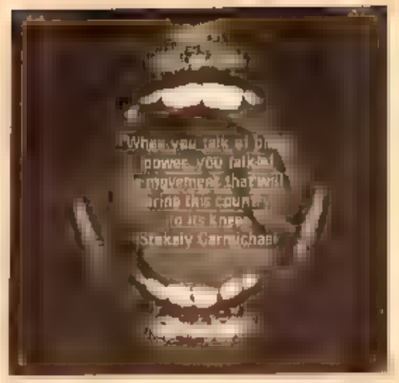
Perhaps the most incredible and heartening phenomenon of the black struggle in America today is the [illegible] of its alleged goals. Not the professed goals, but the real ones. If you cut through the loud rhetoric, the miserably simplistic slogans, the tracts of pseudo-[illegible] black separatism, made up of neo-Africanisms and over the ravings of cussery and religion perpetrated by Black Muslims—in short, through *all* the various gospels according to everyone from Roy Wilkins to Eldridge Cleaver—a strikingly common goal emerges

equality of opportunity. All the other professed goals (like desegregation, integration, black power, independence, separatism, African identity, etc.) are euphemisms.

It is now fashionable among black intellectuals to disavow white society altogether, to forecast its early demise and to declare that blacks should completely divorce themselves from it. But even the most extreme black separatist, when pressed, will admit that equality of economic and political opportunity is exactly what he wants. Eldridge Cleaver, in his best-selling *Soul on Ice*, declares: "The black men now rising up in America will settle for nothing less than their full, proportionate share and participation." Harold Cruse, a "black power" spokesman at the International Association for Cultural Freedom symposium at Princeton, said: "Black power is an expression of middle-class yearnings, an attempt by black people to get a share in the American pie." Even the most fanatic separatist, Milton Henry, spokesman for the Republic of New Africa, which advocates the formation of an independent black state in the South, says: "If the political structure of this country were changed so that I could participate in it, I would stay."

Equality of opportunity is the basic goal of every mass revolutionary movement. (It is not the goal of the National Liberation movement, in which political independence and cultural identity are primary goals. As we shall see, and as is obvious from the Black Nationalists' willingness to accept equality in a white society, the black struggle in America is a revolutionary movement, not a war of national liberation.) Equality of opportunity is a purely materialistic goal. Idealism is merely its handmaiden. (A Yippie once complained to me that in associating with black radicals he was astonished, and alienated, by the realization that while *he* was fighting for ideals, for "universal peace," "a better society," etc., etc., and *they* were dreaming about was a two-car garage. It was difficult for me to convince him that *his* idealism is *their* two-car garage.)

That equality cannot be attained by Civil Rights legislation is self-evident. If two runners have been running on a track, one freely and the other with chains on his legs, you don't



equalize them by taking the chains off the latter: he is not only 100 laps behind, his legs are numb and he does not know how to run without chains.

Obviously the legal achievements of the moderates, the brick-by-brick (or is it pebble-by-pebble?) construction of better community relations, which amount to a turtle-pace education and enlightenment of whitey, is, by itself, completely ineffectual. At the pace of civilization today, change through law is hopeless.

Obviously a radical, sweeping revolutionary process must take place. But no revolution can survive, let alone succeed, when led by egocentrics who are motivated by self-interest rather than by the purpose of the revolution.

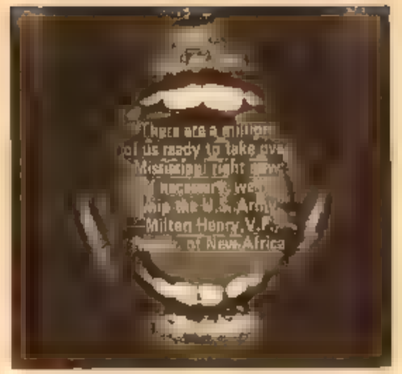
Let us examine the genealogy of this leadership. The martyr-saint-prophet of the revolution is Malcolm X. He is the godhead of all factions in the ghetto, from the Black Panthers to the neo-Africans, and because Malcolm is dead and can no longer embarrass with unguarded pronouncements, he is the hero of the Negro bourgeoisie as well. It was he who effectively introduced the "global" concept of race war between nonwhites (the have-nots) and whites (the haves) of the world. When his thinking was oiled with Arab money, he modified this purely racial attitude and allowed the Arabs, who are Semites, to become honorary Negroes. (In Hitler's early days, rich Jews who performed special services for the Nazis became honorary Aryans.) The same transformation, but in reverse, affected the Sudan blacks, who were being massacred by the Arabs. They became, as far as Malcolm was concerned, nonpeople.

Nothing is more unfair to the Negro in America than to burden him with an alliance with the nonwhite people of the world. The American Negro is exploited, repressed and persecuted, but he is a 20th-Century man. Most of the other nonwhites of the world are centuries behind. While the American black can greatly help them, they can do absolutely nothing for him. Will Ghana send technical assistance to the ghetto? Will China supply meaningful arms? (Oh, yes. I forgot: according to New Africa leaders, the Chinese will threaten the United States with nuclear missiles unless a New Africa is established as an independent nation in the Southern states.) Will the emerging African states ignore State Department pressure and support the "Afro-American" in the United Nations as Malcolm dreamed? Doubtful. And if they do, will it make any difference? The answers are so obvious that they make the questions embarrassing. But there's another question. Will this fancied alliance make it possible for black American leaders to come on like world leaders and go on far-ranging trips to Cairo, Moscow, Peking, and be received like princes? Now it is not the question but the answer that is embarrassing.

But what's wrong with the search for identity, the adopting of African names, studying African languages, practicing African religion (the "Yorubas" in Harlem practice cock-sacrifice), wearing "African" clothes (a commercial hoax: black Africans don't wear *dashikis*)? Simply that they don't make sense because no genuine "Back-to-Africa" movement, as advocated by DuBois and Marcus Garvey in the 1920s, exists. There *would* be a massive Zionist-like "return" movement if blacks in America felt any strong cultural, religious, and poetical ties to Africa, but they don't and they won't. The reason is that despite slavery, despite segregation, despite second-class citizenship, the black is no longer an African but an American. His values, his aspirations, his dreams are American. He is, for better or worse, a creature of American culture. In fact, he has abundantly and positively helped make America what it is, the only ethnically conglomerate culture in the world. His bonds with America are far stronger than the Jews' bonds with European society ever were. (Blacks fiercely resent comparisons with other minorities. As Bob Teague put it in his *Letters to a Black Boy*, "Mr. Charlie has not treated all minorities alike, simply because the other minorities have not been available as targets. They looked like Mr. Charlie himself.") But to claim that blacks have been persecuted because of their visibility is sheer nonsense. Nobody was more visible than the strangely attired, bearded, side-curled, and foreign-accented Jew in medieval and renaissance Europe. In the 19th and 20th Centuries, European Jews, particularly in Germany, reached the same mistaken conclusion about the inter-connection between persecution and visibility that the Negro in the U.S. has reached. Believing that the glaring differences between them and the gentiles were the source of their troubles, they made a conscious and successful

effort to eliminate the marks of their "visibility," and hoped that the end of persecution would inevitably follow. Instead six million of them were slaughtered. Visibility does not make the scapegoat. (What should be remembered by black as well as white professional America-haters is that, in spite of their staggering contributions to European culture, the Jews were never treated as equals in Europe. In America, Jews are almost first-class citizens today. European society was not and is not capable of transcending its prejudices. American society, as cruel and vicious as it is, *can* transcend its prejudices. (Hence, the paradox of the British, who have always upbraided America for its racism, but who are now becoming the Afrikaners of Europe. Their Enoch Powell makes our George Wallace sound like a member of the NAACP.)

To state that America is morally corrupt and hypocritical and that its corruption stems from, and is manifested by the fact that blacks cannot freely participate in its society, is to assert the obvious. But to recognize that America is a pragmatic country whose economic and political self-interest dictate at this point equal



status for blacks, and to admit that the aspirations of the vast majority of blacks in this country is for such equal status, is to acknowledge the plain facts of life. That is why "pan-Africa" or "pan-colored," the "we are all brothers *over the skin*" but is a pointless diversion of black energies. The only possibly valid reason for identifying with African countries is that the advent of a free, independent, powerful black continent would give blacks in America a sense of pride and would command respect for them. But if blacks in America are prepared to wait for that, they may just as well wait for George Wallace to endorse Eldridge Cleaver for President.

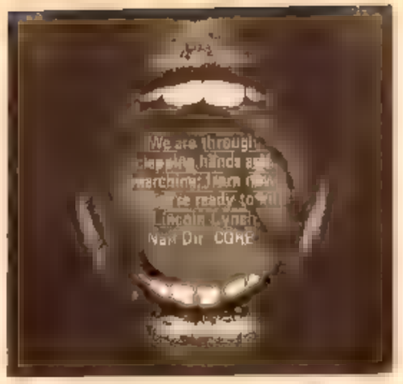
But what about the let's-have-it-both-ways approach, the Return-to-Africa-Without-Actually-Leaving-the-Good-Old-U.S.A. movement, which promulgates the idea of a free, independent New Africa in the South? As its present prophet, Milton Henry, puts it: "It will not be an American, but an African state. We will bring the drums back and the dance, and polygamy." Mr. Henry does have one advantage over other black leaders in this country. He has a plan. Unrealistic, unimplementable, but at least a plan. It is, ironically (because it stems from people who have systematically decried Zionist imperialism), patterned after the Zionist program. But while the territory that the Zionists wanted to settle was an almost unpopulated swamp and desert which no one at the time wanted, the New Africa movement is demanding no less than five Southern states with a rather stubborn white population. These whites may not only slightly resent being dispossessed; they may even have the gall to resist; and somehow I suspect that the U.S. Government might help them faster and more efficiently than Red China would help Mr. Henry. But an even greater obstacle than the whites are the blacks. Although Mr. Henry assures us that a million blacks are ready *now* to go with him to Mississippi to "take over," I doubt whether he can muster a hundred. For the time being, however, the Republic of New Africa provides Mr. Henry with the opportunity to meet his "government in exile" in different "consulates" in major cities in America, to present petitions to foreign rulers and to the U.S. State Department, to toy with the question of whether or not Florida should be included in the New Republic (the Fontainebleau would make cozy headquarters), and to find himself taken seriously in the mass media. All these, I suppose, may be considered side benefits.

Henry is but one of Malcolm's spiritual offspring. Need we suffer the embarrassment of enumerating all the others? From Adam Clayton Powell, the representative from Bimini, to Cleaver, the Berkeley lecturer who gets his ego massage from tickling the guilt-passions of white freshmen, from TV hero H. Rap Brown and blustering poet LeRoi Jones, to Robert Williams, the president-in-exile of the New Africa, who holds court in Peking, all black militants today are simply professional "bad niggers."

Saddled with such leadership, it is no wonder that the revolutionary action of blacks has taken the form of future riots and not-like confrontations. These explosions destroy a few white-owned ghetto stores, but they destroy hundreds of Negro dwellings. They kill only a few white "pigs" and bystanders, but scores of black men. The rest is talk, passionate talk of revolution, barricades, burning down the cities, civil war, race war, neutralizing the U.S. army, destroying America, "taking over." Armageddon. (I recently saw a "black revolution" movie called *Up Tight*. The film included a pathetic moment which was, alas, most lustily cheered

by the blacks in the audience. The hero-villain, a black militant who turned traitor and sold a comrade to the fuzz, tells a group of rich whites slumming at a penny arcade that "One morning you'll wake up and there's no water in your faucets, and you turn on the TV to see what happened, and a big black face will be on, telling you 'We have taken over,' and you'll go to the bank to get your money and the pretties' black girl will be there behind the counter, and she'll tell you 'Sorry, but your money is gone. We've taken over.'" That a black audience can actually nurse such fantasies as more than a wish-dream of the "God is black" variety that an agitation for a real confrontation at this point in the black struggle is contemplated should freeze the blood of any true black revolutionary. I say this because, plainly, *real* black power today is negligible. Any full-scale armed confrontation with the white power structure would bring nothing but death and destruction—in the thousands and hundreds of thousands—to blacks, while doing little damage to whitey. That is why H. L. Hunt, a George Wallace and Birch-Society booster, is one of the biggest contributors to black militants, and why Roy Harris, the racist leader of the White Citizens Councils, thinks Black Nationalism is a boon. No one would rather see today's black leaders continue on their present course.

The talk of "revolution" is not only nonsensical because it is unlikely, but because there is no such thing as a successful revolution of a minority. Revolution cannot succeed when there is no wide support for it among a majority of the population. Otherwise, it is suicidal, like Spartacus's. There is also no such thing as—or at least there hasn't been—a revolution in a fully industrialized, let alone automated, society. Marx's biggest mistake was to forecast a Socialist revolution in an industrial state. It never happened. The power, pace, and promise of industry make revolution so unlikely as to exclude it entirely. A military fascist take-over from the top, yes, a revolution from the bottom, no. And if the New Left and its black militant followers believe that the masses are about to rise in this country, they are as divorced from reality as were the Old Left soap-boxers who used to promise the "peasants and workers of



the South Bronx" that the day of liberation was "just around the corner."

Nevertheless, a revolutionary change in the position of the black American can be wrought. But first three requisites will have to be met (right now, none is): political organization, an effective underground military arm, and technological sophistication.

Most of the blacks in the North are politically organized, and it will not be long before they are registered and organized in the South, too. But they are not organized as blacks; they are organized as Democrats. There is no machine-control in this country stronger than the Democratic control of black votes. This was evident in the last election when neither Dick Gregory nor Eldridge Cleaver got more than a handful of votes, and when even a highly popular black leader like James Farmer, running as a Republican, could not buck the Democratic machine in a black district in Brooklyn. If there was any vote the Democratic machine was able to deliver solidly, it was the black vote. In order to continue controlling the black vote, the city machine must keep the black constituent susceptible to the inducements that "bring out the vote"—small-time ghetto patronage, handouts, political favors and outright bribes. That is why the machine—to which a majority of blacks are consistently faithful—is the greatest enemy of black progress. By usurping it, blacks would not only break the vicious cycle of the status quo, but would establish the most essential of power bases: a vote block. When not confronting TV cameras, even the most "extreme" blacks, from the late Malcolm to Henry, recognize that the ballot is the only way a poor man's power can be exercised. But blacks cannot do it alone, because they lack the financial resources to fight the machine. This is where the much maligned Liberal can be used. (Since it is now very fashionable to despise the white Liberal, why don't blacks just exploit him?) Disappointed and deceived by the Democratic Party, the Liberals would jump at an opportunity to break the Democratic city machines. They, too, cannot do it alone, because they lack voting power. The blacks have the votes, the Liberals have the money, their goal—at least in this case—is identical. *Ergo*, a natural alliance of equals. (Of course, telling Jewish Liberals that the Nazis should have finished the job and killed off all of their brethren—a statement that is becoming *de rigueur* among black militants—may not be the best tactic for getting their money.) If, as a first step, funds raised from Liberals went to replacing the precinct captains (and all it takes is money) with workers whose allegiance is primarily to a black-run party, rather than to whitey's Democrats, the political complexion of the nation would change overnight. Capturing the city halls of Gary and Cleveland, merely creating islands of isolated and troubled, power. Controlling the municipalities of all the major industrial centers of the country would create a gigantic power base. By now, even the most reactionary elements in this country give at least lip service to the Negro's right to vote. Let him then use that right for himself and, until equality is achieved, let him make his vote a truly black vote.

In the South, the problem is in a more primary state. There, black registration is constantly threatened. To remedy this, as well as for other purposes, there must be an underground army of the black people of America, organized not for fanciful guerrilla warfare against the U.S. Army but in small, separate terroristic groups, that would function, at least at the start, solely on a local level. The small and localized nature of these groups would make the work of informers more difficult and would obviate the need for a national machinery of decision making. By choosing their targets judiciously, such groups should be able to make black registration and voting in the South a *fait accompli* within months. Even the most fanatical Ku Klux Klanet would not be too eager to intimidate voters if it jeopardized his life. As of now, seeing that neither Henry's battalions of armed Negroes, nor the Black Panthers or the Deacons, have prevented the known killers of Evers, Chaney, Goodman, Schwerner *et al.* from being alive and free, it is difficult for a white red-neck to imagine that he can be harmed, no matter what he does. Unlike blind riots, such terroristic activities, in both North and South, could not fail to elicit fear and respect from blacks and whites alike. Senseless shoot-outs with the Oakland police, where the latter have all the advantages, can elicit only pity and animosity.

The third requisite, technological sophistication, is as elusive as it is indispensable. In every struggle the primary question should always be "What happens if the optimum is achieved and we win?" If the United States had done that before going into Vietnam, there would have been no Vietnam. What would have happened if the optimum scenario had actually been played and Ho had surrendered and agreed to the withdrawal of US troops from South Vietnam? America would have proclaimed victory, but the situation would not be very different from what it is today, *i.e.*, American troops would be controlling 20 per cent of South Vietnam and the Viet Cong 80 per cent, and no peace treaty or surrender document would change the fact that within five to ten years the country would be ruled by the N.L.F. Applied to the black struggle in the U.S., blacks must ask themselves: "What happens if we win? What happens if whitey says 'O.K., you can have anything you want. You want five states in the South with all their white population transferred to Alaska? O.K. You want $40,000 for every Negro in this country as reparations for years of slavery and exploitation? You can have it. You want General Motors? You can have it.'" And then what? The answer is tragically simple: within a few years the disparity

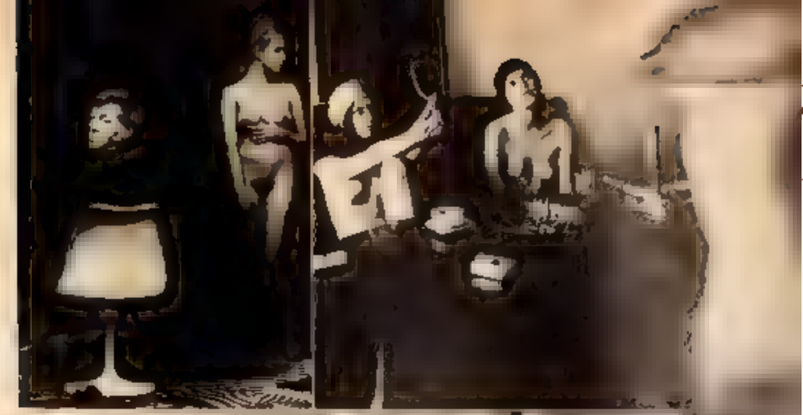
between white and black America (whether separated or integrated, whether according to King's Dream or Milton Henry's Dream) will be the same as it is now or greater. Black Americans are simply not equipped to take over a technological, automated, nuclear, electronic society. To achieve the technological sophistication that would enable them to do so, they must develop two basic crash programs that would put both the rural and the urban black into the eighth decade of the 20th Century. To begin with, a cooperative program for black America, patterned after the settlements developed by John Hatch and others in the Mississippi delta, would make the rural black economically independent and consequently a technically sophisticated, efficient, and modern farmer. In the cities, a crash scheme of programmed education must be started by black communities to erase illiteracy. James Farmer wanted to start one when he left CORE. He was assigned a government office and was promised funds by the President. But he was betrayed, not only by Johnson but by the popular 'black militant' Adam Clayton Powell. (Perhaps the recent action of the Justice Department in dropping charges against him for misusing $40,000 in public funds had something to do with it. Big city machines are much more fearful of general black enlightenment than of Black Panthers.) It has been shown that neither graduate teachers nor large sums of money are required to make a crash program like this effective on a nation-wide scale within months. It is there, in the ghetto's own schools, that Afro-American history could be stressed and glorified. To insist on a disproportionate position for Afro-American studies in public schools and colleges is self-defeating. On the contrary, in public schools, in the white-controlled as well as black-controlled universities, black militant students should demand to be taught not African history but atomic physics, electronic engineering, computer programming, finance, government, and law. If you are going to take over, baby, you'd better know how. To quote that classic line, "Not Burn, Baby Burn," but "Learn, Baby, Learn."

To effect such a program on a voluntary basis would be close to impossible. It is here that black militants can exercise internal discipline and muscle—not in paranoid plans to assassinate moderate black leaders, like the plot recently uncovered in New York to assassinate Roy Wilkins and Whitney M. Young, Jr. By forcing drug addicts, drop-outs, and criminals (who prey mostly on blacks in the ghetto, not on whitey) into the Methadone clinics, the training centers, and the schools, black militants would weld an invincible army of self-liberation.

At no time in black American history has the cliché "it is later than you think" been more apt than now. The danger that under their present leadership blacks will become victims of a bloody suppression that will dwarf the post-Reconstruction reaction is real and immediate. But this is also a time in which the choice between progress and catastrophe is more dependent upon the actions of blacks themselves than ever before. That is why the present black leadership-vacuum is nothing short of tragic, and why the only hope is that the 22 million blacks of this country will abhor this vacuum and find leaders who will change the present course and achieve the three requisites of *Real* Power outlined above. The new leaders may not become celebrities on whitey's TV, may not get a best-seller published, may not enjoy sunning in Bimini, and may not ever get a free trip around the world. But they may lead America's blacks to freedom.

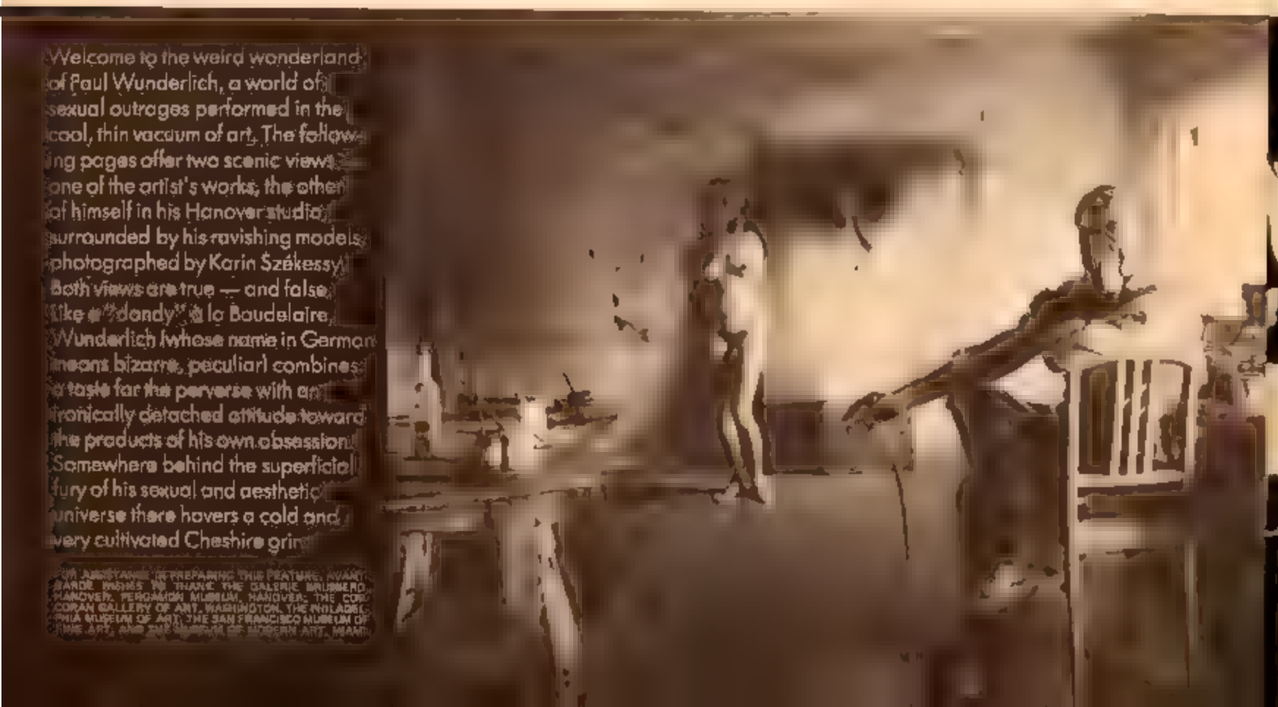
Paul Wunderlich's Painted Women

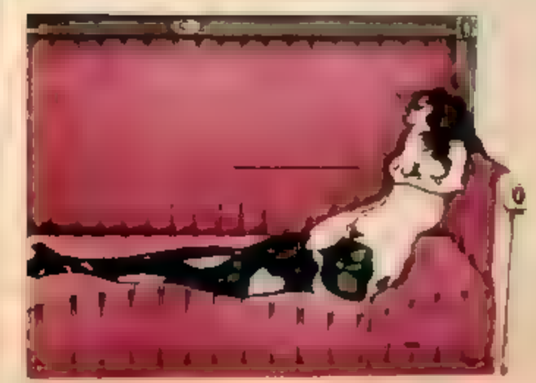
WEST GERMANY'S HOTTEST NEW ARTIST SURROUNDS HIMSELF WITH EARTHY, BLOSSOMING YOUNG WOMEN AND PAINTS THEM AS INSATIABLE SEXUAL DEMONS

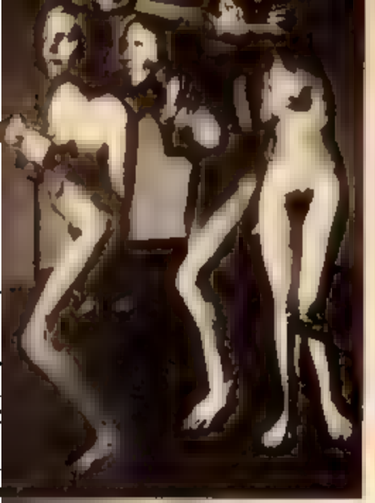


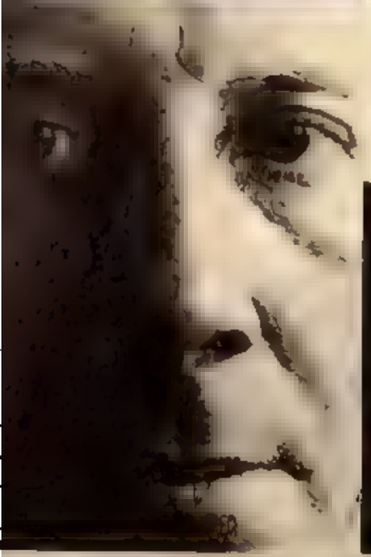
Welcome to the weird wonderland of Paul Wunderlich, a world of sexual outrages performed in the cool, thin vacuum of art. The following pages offer two scenic views, one of the artist's works, the other of himself in his Hanover studio surrounded by his ravishing models photographed by Karin Székessy. Both views are true — and false. Like a "dandy" à la Baudelaire, Wunderlich (whose name in German means bizarre, peculiar) combines a taste for the perverse with an ironically detached attitude toward the products of his own obsession. Somewhere behind the superficial fury of his sexual and aesthetic universe there hovers a cold and very cultivated Cheshire grin.

THE ARTIST IS PREPARING THE FEATURED AVANT-GARDE WORKS TO TRAVEL THE GALERIE BRUSBERG, HANOVER; PERGAMON MUSEUM, HANOVER; THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON; THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART; THE SAN FRANCISCO MUSEUM OF FINE ART; AND THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, MIAMI.









Thoughts of Chairman Jerry

Jerry Rubin, propagandist and proto-provocateur of America's Red Guard, aims to lead a charge of Yippie guerrillas from here to revolution

BY PETER SCHJELDAHL

Upon a wall of Jerry Rubin's Lower East Side apartment, four stories above 3rd Street between Second and Third Avenues—one of the dreariest crummiest blocks imaginable, populated mostly by middle-aged derelicts and Puerto Ricans—there hangs, I doubt not, as photographs attached to a glossy press-type print, snapped on Communism in 1956 when Rubin was an 18-year-old whiz-kid reporter for *The Cincinnati Post and Times-Star*. Every week a two-page spread of Jerry Rubin's Youth News. And there's the Jerry of yore, freckle-faced, courageously grinning as a National Merit Association dream-child, standing at a table with outstretched hands with, his left, a vigorous and grinning Adlai Stevenson. The photo is pure American fantasy. Andy Hardy meets the Phi Beta Kappa key.

In the apartment with you is the 1964-model Rubin, reclining on a wide bed, busily hatted and grizzly-bearded, discoursing for your benefit on the delicate art of paring down a society. You get the message that he has changed. For one thing, the focus of his concern has long since shifted from writing Youth News to making it. Big news, like YIPPIES SPLIT CHICAGO CONVENTION. The split was the biggest REVOLUTION Adlai Stevenson ever done in by mere dignity and a broken heart could ever be expected to approve. However Rubin still has a touch of a bright *wunderkind* about him, which leads a cool bystander even to his most inflammatory statements.

Here's a young man who has been busted over a dozen times, punched and beaten with and without provocation by cops, often singled out as an evil genius of sedition by Daley & Co., the objects of lively interest by HUAC and the FBI and rather strongly disapproved, even by a substantial sector of the liberal community. He is a founder and a longtime friend of Abbie Hoffman, guiding light of the Yippies, whose antics have been much contemplated with a sort of horrified fascination by the media of late. In 1967 he ran for mayor of Berkeley and sent a shudder through the establishment by garnering 22 per cent of the vote. He is an inspired connoisseur of chaos, instrumental in numerous publicity extravaganzas ranging from the March on the Pentagon to the Grand Central Yip-Out to the bloody Chicago confrontations. Yet he comes through as an adherent, as ever somehow acceptable, construction that revolutionaries in this way insisting only that the Revolution has to be fun.

Doesn't you right away tell he must be crazy.

He pumps it. That is, why crazy, you mean out of step with reality. It's Rubin's belief, which he never tires of repeating, that reality as presently constituted in these United States is what's really crazy and that he can't keep up freaked-out kids but set minded members of what might be called the Carnival Left are actually helping some citizens of an Aquarian post-revolutionary New Reality.

Anyway here he is. At 33 in the waning boom of his now-very-clean but barely neat apartment, stretched out on one of the two beds surrounded by phonograph, battered typewriter, mammoth TV set, stacks of paper, guerrilla-chic many posters, textiles and posters, and a modest shelf and a half of oddly assorted books. Among the titles: *Venceremos* by Che Guevara, *Love's Body* by Norman O. Brown, *Stranger in a Strange Land*, *Essays of A.J. Muste* and a handbook on karate. Rubin's attractive

girl friend, Nancy Kurshan, black-haired and competent-looking in a well-worn frock, enters with steaming coffee. She is an activist of sorts herself, head of a nutty, sometime ladies' auxiliary called WITCH (Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell)—but not lacking in certain residual domestic instincts. "We've had to sell most of our books," she comments, the tinge of regret in her voice speaking volumes about the little deprivations of a rootless life.

Jerry Rubin is telling you his life story, which he does with considerable relish, sensitive at all times to its mythic dimensions. Being a conscious model of Politicized Youth, he gives you an effect, "The Making of a Revolutionary, 1938-1969." It's not a bad yarn, being full of surprises and departures from what you might expect. For one thing, unlike your usual white, drop-out activist, he is not a son of the middle class. Rubin's father was a bread driver in Cincinnati, working on a daily schedule of 3 a.m. to noon, and a confirmed union man. In fact, shortly before his death the elder Rubin became secretary-treasurer of the bread driver's local, a Teamsters affiliate which, unlike others in Cincinnati at the time, was soundly behind Jimmy Hoffa in his protracted battle with the Justice Department—a stand applauded by an Eisenhower-Kennedy anti-government Jerry Rubin's mother died when he was 20.

As early as he can remember, Rubin says, he (1) was a rebellious, argumentative type ("I rejected religion at the age of six") and (2) wanted to be a newspaperman. "I wanted to be near the action—fires, crimes, Presidents, wars, everything—and I figured that's what newspapering was all about." Therefore, it came as a nasty shock to young Jerry, upon joining *The Post and Times-Star* fresh out of high school, "full of fire and idealism," to discover of his fellow reporters that "no one was happy!" He might have expected this of washerwomen, but, says Rubin, "here was a job everybody *should* like, an *exciting* job, and nobody did." Meanwhile, by bits and pieces, incredible as it seemed to him in his innocence, came the realization that *The Post and Times-Star* was sometimes something less than a fearless defender of truth—that stories were now and then slanted, that favorites were played, that advertisers were catered to. Never one to adjust to any unpleasant reality, Rubin reached the conclusion that the indicated remedy was a revolution.

"The people weren't bad, the job wasn't bad, so it had to be something else," i.e., "the fact of working for someone else. Everybody was insecure, alienated. I decided the newspaper should be a cooperative, with everybody getting together and sharing and making decisions together." Rubin promptly broadcast these insights around the office, with the inevitable consequence (this was the '50s) of being called a "Communist." Though not too clear about what being a "Communist" entailed, he was not particularly averse to the label. "Whenever I'm called anything, it's my nature to accept the charge and defend whatever it is, so I said, 'Yes, you're right, I'm a Communist.'"

Meantime, while undergoing his disenchantment with workaday America and freaky entrance into political consciousness, Rubin was attending the University of Cincinnati, in desultory pursuit of a B.A. ("because I didn't know any better, I wasn't on to their silly game yet"). A seemingly built-in aversion to scholarly discipline kept his grades low, a fact that he admits made him feel guilty "until later." He was driven, then as now, by a vague ambition to achieve some unheard-of success. From his lowly perch as "Youth News" reporter ("youth" in the '50s was not the glamorous word it is today), on a second-rate paper, he could picture his future in journalism only as tending to make him "a sort of Walter Lippmann type" eventually. But Rubin quickly realized that the way to Lippmann-dom was no golden stair that it required years of drudgery and even (sigh!) compromise, and his enthusiasm wilted. Thus, in 1960, at the age of 22, he found himself in Germany on his way to India.

To this day, Rubin is not exactly clear on why he wanted to go to India. It just seemed like a good idea at the time, born of general frustration and an already well-developed penchant for the big gesture. In 1960, before young drop-outs had made lemming-like journeys to such sites as Tibet routine, it probably qualified as, in the words of Norman Mailer, an "existential act" undertaken for the sole purpose of changing everything. (Which seems, by the way, to be a pretty good Yippie definition of revolution.) Anyway, Rubin never made it. One evening in a West Berlin youth hostel, he received a telegram notifying him that his father was dead.

Back in Cincinnati, he spent a year at home doing nothing in particular. Then, with his 14-year-old brother, of whom he was now legal guardian, Rubin followed his wanderlust back to Europe, getting as far as Israel, this time. Having placed his brother on a *kibbutz*, he hung around the university in Haifa for a year and a half, avidly reading the works of economist C. Wright Mills, much taken by Mills' radical sociology, his anti-Americanism, his discovery of a "Power Elite." His angry tone Mills gave fiber and direction to Rubin's new enthusiasm about the recently successful Cuban Revolution. At a time when many American young people were getting excited about John Kennedy, Rubin was dreaming of Fidel and Che. By the time he had retrieved his brother and left, in 1963, the only question in his mind about revolution was "How?"

Nancy Kurshan brings the phone in to Rubin. On the line is a friend who has just arrived from California, where Rubin will be going in a couple of days for purposes of speech-making and general agitation. Rubin is full of questions about what sort of atmosphere he might expect out there. He has some reason to be apprehensive, given the number and variety of his enemies under the California sun. Besides the cops, there are the old-line leftists and Marxist radicals who regard him as "frivolous." Earlier in the year his candidacy for the Vice-Presidential nomination at the convention of the California-based Peace and Freedom Party had been resoundingly smashed by these forces, even though he was the personal choice of the convention's Presidential nominee, black writer Eldridge Cleaver. He shrugs off the feud. "I can't expect people who are in another bag to accept my bag. I realize that I have a different style from people out there."

Rubin got his start in radical politics proper in 1964 at Berkeley, where, upon returning from Europe, he had gone to study for an M.A. He dropped out of school for good after three weeks, a just decisive break with the System, and devoted himself wholeheartedly to the business of revolt. That summer, while most young radicals were going on civil-rights missions to Mississippi, he joined a two-month tour supported by the Progressive Labor Party to Cuba. He was, to put it crudely, thrilled. "Cuba was the confirmation of all my Utopian fantasies. Here were people really living in a Collective Ego." Returning to the States, where his passport was promptly seized by the government, Rubin felt like an alien invader "injected into the small intestine of the enemy." A definite change in orientation had taken place, to be confirmed in the spectacular "Free Speech Movement" at Berkeley that fall. Rubin and his *confrères*, like Mario Savio, began feeling like an elite. "We were suddenly aware of ourselves as a special breed of people. We knew we were *right*. And we had proved to ourselves that we also had *power*: power to draw blood, power to hurt the Man." No more sitting-in and singing "We Shall Overcome" for them. The game was now becoming serious, though there was to be some debate as to what this new seriousness entailed.

"Serious" is a key word in the intramural lexicon of the Left, having often been used like a club by sober-headed radicals to belabor the supposedly frivolous Yippies. For many an SDS-type activist, "serious" apparently means being stony and ruthless and reading a lot of Marx. For Rubin, convinced that the hope of America is "the long-haired, dope-smoking troublemaker," it means a nonstop freak show for the entertainment and edification of the masses. It means attending HUAC hearings in a Revolutionary War uniform (as he did in 1966) or bare to waist and carrying a toy rifle and a bandoleer of real bullets (as he did in 1968). It means helping nominate a pig for President, "We're not just talking about 'demonstrations,' we're talking about smoke-ins, be-ins, nude-ins, sewer-ins, Yip-outs, and sabotage." It was in this spirit of merry mayhem that the Yippie movement was born.

YIP, the Youth International Party, was conceived in an apartment on the Lower East Side on New Year's Day, 1968. Associated with it at the start were Rubin, the redoubtable Abbie Hoffman, poet and Fug-leader Ed Sanders, *Realist* editor Paul Krassner, ex-journalist Keith Lampe, and protest-singer Phil Ochs. Despite their differences, all six shared a radical bent and a taste for madcap provocative "theater." All agreed, based on their analysis of the situation in America, that the best tactics were the most frankly emotional and irrational ones. Their first corporate act was to send out a nationwide call for drop-outs everywhere to attend the Democratic Convention in Chicago. This manifesto gave notice that among other things, a new style of political rhetoric had breached the scene. A war cry on the order of "Abandon the Creeping Meatball!" (suggested by Sanders) has not often been heard in the land.

Probably the most prototypical Yippie is Hoffman, the fuzzy-haired, big-nosed, strangely beautiful Showman of the Absurd whose every word and deed is Yippie. He it was who caused a near-riot on Wall Street by showering dollar bills onto the floor of the Exchange. He it was who strolled around Chicago wearing an innocent grin on his lips and the word "FUCK" on his forehead. And one of the Great Yippie Moments in History occurred when he raised his hand at a meeting of HUAC last fall and asked gravely, "Mr. Chairman, may I go to the bathroom?" Hoffman says of Rubin and himself that they are the "Red and the Black," respectively, of YIP. Rubin, the revolutionary and himself the anarchist. This difference has led to friction between the two friends, some paranoid hysteria being par for the course when "childishness" is your official policy, but so far nothing really *serious*.

In Rubin's view, the high-jinks part of the Yippie program (put that in quotes—"program") has two purposes: to unite and inspire the faithful, and to drive the Establishment up the wall, forcing it to lose its nerve and show its true colors in acts of repressive brutality. Just how effective the latter thrust has been can be attested by anyone who watched or read about the confrontations in Chicago and their aftermath. It will be recalled that before the convention, Yippies were predicting a turnout of better than 100,000 protestors (Rubin cheerfully admits that gross exaggeration is standard Yippie procedure), while the final total was close to 2000, not counting Chicagoans. However so terrified were the authorities by certain canny, off-hand Yippie remarks, each (like Hoffman's comment that but of course! they would put LSD in the city water supply) given the scrutiny due a Kremlin threat, that they fielded enough force to stand off a Martian invasion, including a goodly number of spies. Rubin's own bodyguard, one Bob Pierson convincingly made up as a Hell's Angel-type biker and (according to no less than *The Chicago Tribune*) himself one of the cursingest, stone-throwingest, raunchiest provocateurs present, turned out to be a cop—and, later, a star witness for HUAC. In addition, four uniformed policemen supplied Jerry with an around-the-clock tail, even parking out front while he slept. He was arrested three times and handled none too gently.

In general, the fuzz of America—especially the local Red Squads, whose passion for cloak-and-dagger-style commie hunting seems untainted by the least suspicion of common sense—have been only too eager to prove Yippie allegations about the repressiveness of the American system. However, a Red Squad is still not permitted by law to make arrests, so this part of the vendetta is often left up to the all-purpose Narcotics Squad. Among Rubin's recent busts in New York was one last summer for possession of marijuana, performed at his apartment days after the alleged visit which Rubin says he can't recall, of a police informer. In any case, he received a station-house manhandling rather more severe than the one usually reserved for dope fiends, including a kick that cracked his tailbone. It apparently has not occurred to the forces of order that in treating Rubin like a dangerous character they are making him one, a case of self-fulfilling prophesy much like Rubin's characterization of the cops as "pigs." Rubin and the police are united, at least in their love for the game of Polarize America. In a sense, they need each other.

Jerry Rubin doesn't doubt that real-life, gosh-honest revolution is where all this is leading. His own role he sees as that of a catalyst, hurrying the inevitable day. He declines to call himself a "leader" of the general revolt, however, insisting that "our most effective leaders haven't arrived yet." Also, he refuses to speculate on what might follow a revolution, or even to predict when and under what circumstances the Revolution might occur, saying only when faced with the objection that repression might be worse *after* the event than *before*, "The new society will be the child of the Revolution. If the Revolution is groovy and free, so will be the society it creates." Rubin happily accedes to the charge that his approach to issues is personal and emotional rather than "political" and rational. "I act on the moment. I act impulsively, according to my needs. If I lose, I lose." The American status quo being intolerable to Rubin, he will break it or it will break him. It's as simple as that.

It would be misleading, of course, to suggest that Rubin is a solitary combatant. His is merely one sector and one constituency in the wide panorama of the Left, overlapping with others. Given the new radicals' nearly unanimous distaste for formal structure, the main medium for intramural cooperation is personal relationships. Should Rubin get a hot idea for some action project, for example, he may consult with friends who are leaders of other constituencies—Eldridge Cleaver of the Black Panthers, for instance, or Tom Hayden of SDS or David Dellinger of the National Mobilization Committee. Other groups such as the War Resisters League, Youth Against War and Fascism, the W.E.B. DuBois Clubs, etc., can also be contacted through specific persons. The Movement masses are invited to join in actions through the extensive network of Underground newspapers and news services. The New Left might be compared to a weird machine made up of independently operating components. Veteran activists like Rubin have learned how, when the need arises, to play it like an organ.

What Rubin and his fellow would-be revolutionaries are counting on is that each succeeding generation of young people will come more and more to share their feelings and to find their free-form life-style attractive and liberating. "Right now the Revolution is happening in every living room in America: kids versus their parents." Things will come to a head when this anti-adult discontent sophisticated by political consciousness, bursts on a massive scale into the streets.

Rubin anticipates with chilling equanimity the day when bullets will start to fly. He firmly believes that on that day all the wounds of the Left will heal themselves, and that a sort of spontaneous Popular Front will arise to defeat the American war machine. Despite the fact that he "can't stand the sight of blood," Rubin insists that the "fun" won't go out of the Revolution when that red stuff begins to flow. "What *fun* is," he says, "is to be alive, really alive. A classic ideal of mankind is to die at the moment when you are most truly alive." And to be *alive* in America right now, in his view, is to be a revolutionary.

How all this is supposed to happen remains unclear. The East Village is not exactly the Sierra Maestra, nor does Rubin yet resemble Che in much besides chin hair. But Jerry isn't worried. He's content to do his thing and keep on pushing, meanwhile awaiting the verdict of history: revolution, glorious failure or just another tragicomic Children's Crusade. "The element of *surprise*," he sagely notes, "hasn't turned in its report card yet." In any event, by his exemplary life he has already added a kinky new footnote to the American Dream. How a bread-driver's son from Cincinnati ascends the ladder of success to fame in a ratty slum apartment on the Lower East Side. All over America, tens of thousands of young people are writing their own versions of this reverse Horatio Alger story. This in itself is something of a revolution, and no one speaks for its angry, joyous spirit better than Jerry Rubin. The caretakers of the affluent society may shrug off his words, or may react to them with repressive rage. But no one, this side of the Hereafter, is likely to find a way to make him shut up.

INSPIRED BY THE NEWS THAT FEDERICO FELLINI IS FILMING THE "SATYRICON," AVANT-GARDE COMMISSIONED AMERICA'S FOREMOST LATIN SCHOLAR TO MAKE A NEW COLLOQUIAL TRANSLATION OF EXCERPTS FROM THE MOST CELEBRATED OF BAWDY CLASSICS

The Satyricon of Petronius: a new take

TRANSLATED AND INTRODUCED BY EDGAR A. BUNNING

The exemplary "decadence" of Nero's Rome is legendary, as is the refinement of its arts and manners, and no man has been more responsible for both reputations than Petronius, the emperor's consul and courtier who wrote the *Satyricon*. Petronius's masterpiece remains at once one of the great comic and satirical classics of all time and perhaps the most candid excursion by a major author into the realm of things sexual and perverse. As a work, it has been called the earliest prototype of the modern realistic novel, but it is much more than that—a dazzling *mélange* of prose and verse, vulgarity and elegance, low parody and sheer poetry—an utterly unique achievement. As a treatment of amatory themes it has been called "immoral" and has been condemned, suppressed and bowdlerized down through the ages. The reader must decide this question for himself. But he should first consult Petronius's own view on the matter, embodied in the poem printed at the end of this article. It might be summarized as saying simply, "What could be more natural?"

Unfortunately, little solid information has come down to us about either Petronius or his *Satyricon*. We know of Petronius mainly that he served Nero in a variety of capacities, official and otherwise, and that he committed suicide in A.D. 66 rather than submit to being executed at the emperor's decree on a false charge of treason. We also know that his last act, while on his deathbed, was to compose an impudent catalogue of Nero's sexual adventures and perversions, a work which galled the emperor no end. This gesture characterizes the kind of wit and independence one might expect from the author of the *Satyricon*. He was evidently neither a man to be awed by power nor one to lose his aplomb even in the face of death.

We have no idea when or to what purpose Petronius composed the *Satyricon*. In fact, in its present form, as reconstructed from a handful of manuscripts discovered in the Middle Ages, the *Satyricon* is little more than a ragged collage of fragments representing one-eighth or less of the original whole, which seems irrevocably lost. Even so, enough remains to constitute a work that easily ranks with the greatest comic novels in all literature, with *Don Quixote*, *Gargantua* and *Ulysses*.

The *Satyricon* recounts, in the first person, the picaresque odyssey of one Encolpius, a good-looking, crafty, amoral, and cowardly young man, footloose and living by his wits in the Roman world. The plot is a meandering succession of banquets, voyages, orgies, squabbles, harangues in the marketplace, and unlikely adventures, peopled by a rich and varied cast of characters varying from patricians to slaves, from philosophers to thieves, and from fine ladies to whores, though the differences are frequently impossible to distinguish. Lust, stupidity, jealousy, greed, and a host of other human failings come in for their share of thorny fun. The chief butt of all this is finally poor Encolpius himself, the eternal not-so-innocent naif, who sets out to victimize and usually ends up the victim, whose supreme passion is his love for the boy Giton, an attractive little rascal who repeatedly brings him to grief.

The world Petronius portrays is not a pretty one. It is, indeed, a civilization on its way downhill, dancing willy-nilly toward its own destruction. Yet the very art and irrepressible wise humor of the portrayal redeem its subject somewhat. A culture that produced a man and an artist on the order of Petronius obviously harbored a vein of robust good health somewhere in its decaying body politic. And if it is true, as it sometimes seems, that Western Civilization is now undergoing its own terminal decline, one can only hope that we might go about it with comparable grace and style.

The fragment of the Satyricon that remains to us commences with Encolpius and Giton, accompanied by another scapegrace young man named Ascyltus, in the city of Puteoli, where they are holding out after having perpetrated a number of thefts and having insulted a temple of Priapus by observing one of its sacred orgiastic rites. Through a series of circumstances, they are eventually found out by the temple's priestess, a clever and lecherous lady named Quartilla, who, under the guise of forcing them to expiate their sin, makes use of their bodies for her own conventional and unconventional pleasures. The following excerpt occurs toward the end of a night-long bacchanal organized by Quartilla for the purpose.

Enter a eunuch, an insipid creep who couldn't have been more at home in that house. After making some obscene noises to capture our attention, he launched upon the following "song":

O come pretty queers
And you gelded dears,
Come faggots of every sort!

Let your fingers rove free
Up each asshole you see,
O lend yourselves to the sport!

His spew completed, he started slobbering me with nauseating kisses, and before I could stop him, he had me pinned to the couch and was pulling my clothes off. Then he proceeded to bang away between my legs, though without the least success. Meanwhile, sweat and oily pomade were streaming down his face, and his cheeks, their numberless wrinkles caked with powder, looked like nothing so much as an old peeling wall in the midst of a rainstorm.

I was so miserable I burst into tears and cried out to Quartilla, "Please, madam, have mercy! It would be most queenly of you to assist me."

She clapped her little hands together and laughed. "Oh, you funny man! You're a regular wit, my dear. Or didn't you know that 'queens' is what we call these creatures? For it seems that queenly assistance is exactly what you're getting!"

I must say I was in no mood for puns. Then suddenly the thought of my comrade-in-arms came to my rescue. "Madam, be just," I said. "Is Ascyltus the only man here who gets off easily?"

"But of course," said Quartilla. "Ascyltus, too, shall have the benefit of our queenly assistance."

Thereupon, the eunuch simply swapped horses and straddled poor Ascyltus, bounding around and kissing his buttocks with redoubled fury.

Giton, meanwhile, was standing nearby and practically splitting with laughter. Quartilla gave him a long look, then asked to whom he belonged. I replied that the boy was a friend of mine.

"Well then, why hasn't he given me a kiss?" said Quartilla. She promptly summoned little Giton to her, kissed and stroked him for a while, then put her hand under his tunic and started fondling his immature tool. "Come tomorrow," she said, "this will make a nice *hors d'oeuvre* for my lust. But at the moment I'm so stuffed by tonight's main course that even this morsel would be too much for me."

Now Quartilla's maid, Psyche, came over and, with much tittering, whispered something in her ear.

"Perfect!" said Quartilla. "It's high time we relieved little Pannychis of her virginity."

A quite pretty little girl was brought forward. She looked to be no more than seven years old; yet everyone there except myself cheered the notion and urged that a wedding take place on the spot. Personally, I was shocked and tried to head off the alliance, pointing out that Giton was scarcely up to the chore yet. And the girl, I added, how could she be expected at her tender age to play the woman?

"Nonsense," scoffed Quartilla. "Is she any younger than I was when I had my first man? May Juno strike me dead if I can remember ever having been a virgin. When I was a child, I played dirty games with the little boys. As I grew up, I took on bigger and bigger boys, until I became as you see me now, which I suppose is where the proverb came from, that who bears the calf will bear the bull."

Lest something worse than mere premature coitus befall my beloved Giton, I at last resigned myself to assisting at the ceremony.

Psyche had draped the girl's head with a saffron veil. A covey of drunken women, cropping in time, formed a line and marched off led by the eunuch carrying a torch, to prepare the bridal chamber. They had soon tricked it out with draperies in an appropriately blasphemous manner. Quartilla, excited by the utter baseness of the affair, seized Giton by the hand and hustled him into the bedroom.

Actually, the boy was by no means hesitant, nor was the girl much dismayed at the prospect of becoming a bride. At last the door was shut and bolted, and we all sat down around the doorway. Then Quartilla stealthily cut a slit in the panel and peeked in with prurient curiosity at their childish play. With a caress she drew me down to watch too, and since this put our faces in close proximity, she kept turning her lips to me and stealing slyly kisses.

While temporarily separated from Giton, who had run with the treacherous Ascyltus, Encolpius befriends the bombastic poet Eumolpus, an old reprobate given to spouting interminable heroic verses. Eventually Giton returns and the newly formed trio embarks on a ship which, unfortunately, turns out also to be carrying some wealthy enemies of the two heroes, Lichas and Tryphaena. There follows a section of wild farce in which Encolpius and Giton try vainly to disguise themselves, only to be found out at last and almost murdered before Eumolpus manages through his good offices and oily eloquence to set things right. At the banquet of reconciliation that follows, Eumolpus regales the company with the following story, justly the most famous in the Satyricon, on the subject of the inconstancy of women.

"Once upon a time," Eumolpus began "there was a lady in Ephesus so renowned for her faithfulness to her husband that women would come on foot from miles around simply to look at her When her husband chanced to die, this lady not only made the customary show of following his funeral cortège with unbound hair and beating her breast, she actually insisted on accompanying his corpse straight into the tomb. And there she remained, standing watch over the body and crying and wailing, night and day. Her parents and other relations, fearing that she would soon starve to death if she kept this up, tried to dissuade her, as did the local magistrates, but all were finally rebuffed and compelled to leave her in peace By now in her fifth day without the least morsel of food, this extraordinary woman was mourned by one and all Beside her, loyal unto death, sat her devoted maid, mingling her tears with those of her mistress and refueling the lamp whenever it burned low In Ephesus, meanwhile, there was but one subject of conversation, people of every class confessed in awed tones that never before had there been such an example of love and fidelity

"Now at about this time, the governor of the province ordered that several thieves be crucified at a spot near the tomb wherein the lady was mourning her dead husband. On the following night, the soldier whose job it was to guard the bodies and prevent anyone from removing them for burial happened to notice a bright light among the tombs and to hear sounds of weeping. Curiosity, that universal human failing, spurred him to investigate, and straightaway he entered the vault Catching sight of a stunningly beautiful woman, he was at first petrified with terror, thinking her some sort of ghostly apparition, but a closer look allayed his fears. The lady's scratched and tear-streaked face identified her as a grief-stricken widow Making haste, the soldier left the tomb and promptly returned with his modest supper, pleading with the woman to stop breaking her heart so needlessly and to eat a little something. All men come to the same end, he reminded her, and the same place of rest awaits us all. He followed this with every other cliché with which people try to console the bereaved. Far from appreciating the soldier's homilies, the lady was only driven by them to more violent shows of grief, even to tearing her hair out by the roots and draping strands of it over the dead man's body Unperturbed, the soldier switched his attentions to the maid until the poor girl, utterly seduced by the smell of the wine, stretched out her hand to the tempter Invigorated by her meal, she joined the soldier in laying siege to her mistress' defenses.

"'What good will it do,' she asked her, 'if you drop dead from hunger? Why bury yourself alive and breathe your last before your time? Like Vergil said

Think you that ghosts and ashes know or care?

Impossible! You must start living again Give up these foolish scruples, make the most of your life while you can. What can be more persuasive than the corpse of your husband there? It urges you to live!

"Surely it is never offensive to hear that one should stay alive or should eat when one is hungry. And, giving ear in her weakened state, gradually the lady let her resolution go to pieces. Soon she was eating as voraciously as her maid had done before her

"Now, we all know what temptations may be aroused on a full stomach. Thus, being no fool, the soldier remarshaled all the arguments with which he had persuaded the lady to live and set them to work on her virtue And the lady, though chaste, could not but find this well-spoken stranger attractive. Meanwhile, the maid was saying everything she could think of to help, including this from Vergil

Who can say no to love when it pleases?

To be brief, the inevitable occurred The lady's flesh succumbed to that of the soldier as it had to his food, and his double triumph was complete So they slept together that night, and the next night and the night after that as well, keeping the vault door closed so that anyone passing by might interpret the silence and darkness as meaning that the lady famous for chastity had at last expired over her husband's body

"As you might expect, the soldier was overjoyed both at possessing the lady's ample charms and at conducting an affair so fraught with romantic secrecy Every night at sundown he would creep to the tomb with whatever provisions his small means had permitted him to buy But imagine his horror when, one morning, he discovered that one of the crosses he was assigned to guard had been relieved of its load! The parents of one of the crucified men had taken advantage of his negligence to remove their son's body and bury it. The soldier ran immediately to his lady and told her what had happened Panic-stricken at the thought of the punishment awaiting him, he resolved aloud not to be around for the judge's verdict but rather then and there to carry out the probable sentence with his own sword His last request was simply that his lady make room in the vault for his remains and let husband and lover share the same final resting place forever

"But this lady's pity was at least as strong as her faithfulness. 'Heaven forbid,' she protested, 'that I should lose one man only to lose another It would, I think, be better to hang the dead than to kill the living."

"With that, she indicated to the soldier that he should take the corpse of her husband from the bier and hang it on the empty cross. This he did with alacrity and the next day everyone in the city was asking himself how a dead man had managed to climb up on a cross."

[After a narrow escape from the wreck of their ship Encolpius and Giton accompany Eumolpus to the city of Croton. There Eumolpus poses as a senile rich man from the African colonies and the two heroes as his slaves thereby to cash in on the greed of the Crotonians who, anxious to be named in the phony plutocrat's will, shower him with gifts and even unwittingly the sexual favors of their sons and daughters. A sin in Croton is a wealthy and beautiful woman named Circe who has a particular and powerful weakness for handsome slaves and is thus attracted to the slave Polyaenus alias Encolpius However, though he is more than willing, it is Encolpius's misfortune to prove impotent at the crucial moment much to Circe's, and his own, chagrin. The following concerns their second attempt.]

Circe's maid Chrysis entered my room and handed me a letter from her mistress. It read as follows

Dear Polyaenus

Were I a lecherous woman I'd have ample reason to complain of your treacherous conduct toward me. As it is, I'm actually grateful for your rather limp attentiveness, Never have I experienced such a long-drawn-out prelude to pleasure

However I have been anxious to know whether you managed to walk home on your own, since I understand from doctors that impotent men have difficulty standing up. Please take care my dear, lest you suffer total paralysis. I have yet to meet another young man so ill and near to death. If your chill should spread to your hands and knees it will obviously be time to call the undertaker

In a word, though I have been insulted, I cannot but wish that any sick man find a cure. In your shoes, I should consider Giton. You will get your virility back I assure you, only if you refrain from bedding down with your little friend for at least three days. As for myself, I anticipate no difficulty in finding a more vigorous lover My mirror and my reputation tell no lies.

Get well if you can
Circe

Chrysis waited until I had finished the whole sarcastic reproach, then said "Misfortunes like yours have happened before, especially around here where witches can hex the moon right out of the sky But their spells usually don't last long And meanwhile, why don't you write a nice soothing note to my mistress? I might as well tell you, she hasn't been herself since you offended her"

I was only too happy to take the maid's advice I sat down and penned the following reply to Circe

Dearest Circe

I confess, Lady, that I have done you wrong. After all I am only a man and a young one at that though never until now have I committed a really mortal sin. Whatever punishment it pleases you to order for me I deserve I admit that I have betrayed a friend, killed a man and desecrated a temple Assign the penalties for these crimes. If you decide on death I shall present myself with my sword. If flogging, I shall run to you naked. Only please keep in mind, Lady, that it was less myself than my instrument that failed you The soldier was willing, but his spear was weak. Who is to blame, I do not know. Perhaps I allowed myself to be too passionate too soon, thereby letting my heat outrun my powers. I cannot explain it. In any case, you tell me to beware of total paralysis as if anything could be worse than the malady that prevents me from possessing you, you of all women. Dear Lady, all my apologies boil down to this I will give you satisfaction, should you permit me to atone for my fault in person.

Your slave
Polyaenus

Having dispatched Chrysis with this letter, I turned my attention to my obstinate body Not willing to risk a hot bath, I gave myself a massage with fine oils instead. Then I consumed a dinner of the strongest foods I could find, raw onions and unseasoned snail heads, accompanied by a judicious amount of wine. Finally I took a little walk, then went straight to bed without Giton. So much did I desire to satisfy Circe that the very thought of sex with Giton now made me tremble

I got up early the next morning feeling totally refreshed in mind and body and went directly to the grove of plane trees where our first assignation had occurred. As I walked and waited among the trees for my guide, Chrysis, I fought to suppress the awful memories that place inspired After a while I happened to sit down on the very site of yesterday's debacle, and at that moment Chrysis appeared, bringing with her a little old woman.

"Well, Lover" said Chrysis, "are you feeling healthier today"

The old woman produced a multicolored, braided scarf from her dress and wrapped it around my neck She then mixed some dust and saliva in the palm of her hand and, despite my distaste for the idea, smeared some of it on my forehead After running through a few incantations, she ordered me to spit three times. She next brought out some pebbles which she had charmed and individually tied in purple cloth, instructing me to drop them down my crotch Then with her hand she proceeded to test the efficacy of her magic And, sure enough, my treacherous appendage began to respond, arching and throbbing until her hand was quite full of it. She was delighted "Ah Chrysis," she chortled, "see what a lovely hare I've flushed for the hunters!"

Summer shadows moving underneath
the trees
Plane tree and laurel, cypress bending
to the breeze
A stand of capped pines, their tips
quivering
And there among them, a clear stream
meandering,
Filling with a gentle quarreling sound the
grove
Which seems the home of love.
as witness from above
The woodland nightingale the swallow
flown from town
Amid soft grass and violets, their songs
resound

She lay there on the grass her neck, white as marble, resting on a golden cushion. Languorously she fanned herself with a spray of flowering myrtle She blushed when she caught sight of me, whether with pleasure or at recalling her humiliation I know not. She dismissed her women and invited me by a gesture to sit beside her However, in her embarrassment she covered her face with the myrtle This flowery camouflage seemed to embolden her

"How now, my paralytic?" she said "Are you all in one piece today?

"Don't ask me," I replied, "try me" And with that I threw myself into her arms, past fearing any evil spells, and kissed and kissed her until I could kiss no more

The splendor of her body drove me half mad with desire From our lips, bruised by innumerable kisses, issued the sounds of longing and delight. Our hands, twining together and never at rest, applied every kind of caress to our bodies. We enfolded each other in an embrace so passionate, so closely mingling our breathing, that it seemed we were a single soul

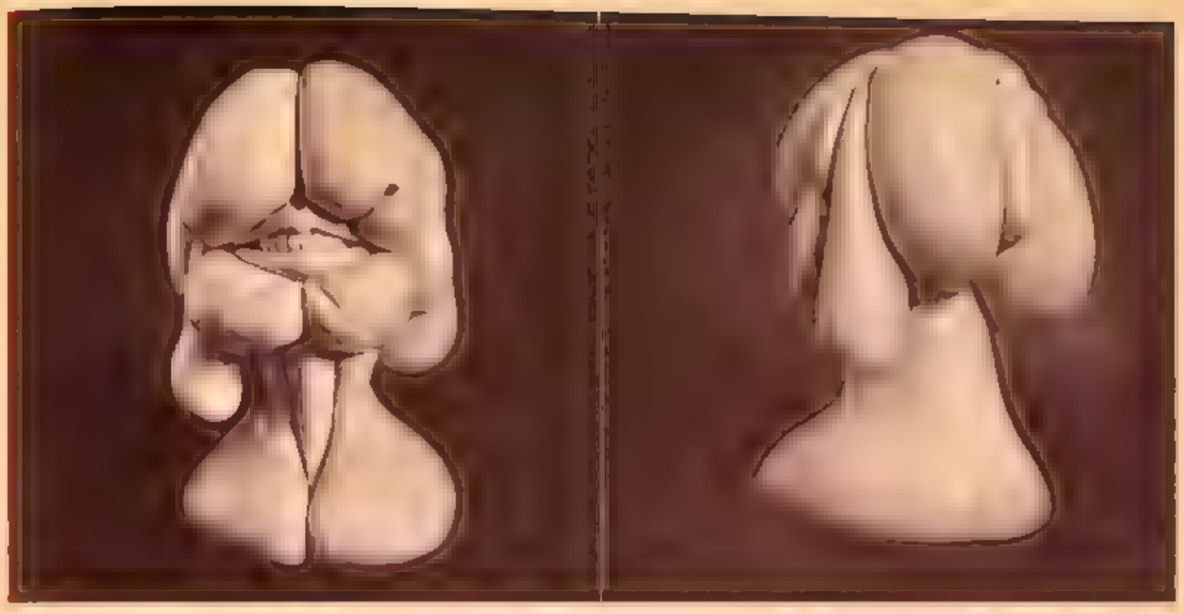
[The fault for what amounts to coitus interruptus at this point lies with the existing manuscripts of the Satyricon, whose lacunae are as maddening as they are frequent In fact, there is some doubt that the passionate last paragraph belongs to this section at all, since the succeeding paragraph indicates that Encolpius has, alas, faltered again, causing in Circe a towering rage and bitter self-recrimination in himself He even comes near to amputating his listless instrument for spite, but finally he relents and lets it off with a thorough mock-heroic scolding The section ends with a rumination on whether such squalid events as a man talking to his penis are proper material in a work of literature. Here there occurs a passage unique in the Satyricon, as Petronius momentarily drops the persona of Encolpius and offers a direct defense of his own work It is about as good an answer to censorious Puritanism as can be found anywhere in literature and might serve as the credo of any fearless, serious artist in any age.]

Don't ask me why
the scowling pride,
Enfevered in his censor's fit
Condemns my guileless prose as "lewd"
And loathes my simple, modern wit
To such as these, I here aver
My pure intention to stay true
To life as it is really lived
To what men are, not what you'd have them do.

And who can hate what all enjoy,
As in the dark of night together
Each loving girl and loving boy
Share their warmth and take their pleasure?
For Pleasure is the end of all,
So great old Epicurus said
And thus, as to a universal goal
Mankind's true path leads mankind straight
to bed

Nothing in the world is more false than people's prejudiced opinions and nothing is more grotesque than their hypocritical morality

Sculpture à la Rorschach



A TIGHT CLOSE-UP OF THE MAESTRO OF CINEMA VERITE

D.A. PENNEBAKER: THE TRUTH AT 24 FRAMES PER SECOND

BY HAL J. SELDES

D A Pennebaker, American filmmaker a buzzing 16mm camera held at his side was following French filmmaker Jean-Luc Godard across Sixth Avenue in New York City one Thursday noon last November Beside him was a girl with a tape recorder and a long, directional microphone With Godard was Pennebaker's older partner Richard Leacock, who also clutched a camera and another sound technician, Godard was making a movie about America. Pennebaker was making a movie about Godard Tight-lipped and intense, the whole entourage strode at a breakneck pace across the congested avenue Suddenly Pennebaker dashed forward and shooting from the hip, got (possibly) a film-glimpse of the Frenchman through a bank of telephone booths. Dangerous move He had put himself directly in the path of an onrushing taxi With the desperate grace of a *banderillero*, he leaped aside just in time meanwhile instinctively whirling his camera directly at the windshield of the car Which had an extraordinary effect on the cabbie In the course of one second the poor man's expression had modulated from anger to horror to utter astonishment His taxi wobbled a little as it passed on Pennebaker went running and hopping after Godard

The identity of this agile artist would probably have meant nothing to the startled lunch-hour passers-by on Sixth Avenue Not perhaps, would they have been edified to learn that what he was up to is called, in film-critical circles *cinéma vérité*. *Cinema vérité* (literally "truth cinema") is the hottest most influential and most American-dominated recent breakthrough in the young art of film It has already through the technique of the hand-held camera, changed the look and "feel" of Hollywood movies and through its exacting emphasis on real-life situations, revolutionized the TV commercial and news documentary Yet the best work of its inventors and finest practitioners—of whom Leacock and Pennebaker are perhaps the reigning masters—is still to be seen mainly at film festivals and a rare art house The perfect arena for *cinema vérité* remains the television screen, but television remains in the thrall of a Philistine commercial ethic which holds, perhaps with truth that truth-telling movies can't be counted on to move the car wax Meanwhile Pennebaker and his *cine-confreres* keep grinding away, routinely putting up films that are some of the most beautiful and telling documents of our times

Don Alan Pennebaker "Penny" to friends is 43 years old but still boyish-looking and given to wearing cable-knit sweaters and having spells of youthfully intense enthusiasm. He is probably best known for his widely-distributed *Don't Look Back*, a movie about Bob Dylan shot in England in 1965 but he has made dozens of major films in the 15 years since he started fooling around with the art Among his subjects John and Robert Kennedy Jane Fonda Lester Pearson Timothy Leary and a host of less glamorous but, under the interested gaze of his camera, equally fascinating persons He has also served as a cameraman and secret esthetic influence on all three of Norman Mailer's celebrated celluloid egotrips: *Wild 90*, *Beyond the Law* and a soon-to-be-released epic tentatively titled *Maidstone* Moreover in the course of adapting existing equipment to his own needs, he has contributed a great deal to modern film technology

Cinema vérité is, in effect an art form based on an item of technology The filmmaker used to have a dreary choice of equipment either a massive sound camera requiring a whole team of men to move, or a carryable silent camera (on a tripod) whose footage would later be given a sound track of music or narration The big sound camera became the tool of Hollywood the silent camera plus sound gave rise to the old-style newsreels and "documentaries." Then 10 years ago largely through the efforts of Leacock (and later, Pennebaker) came the invention and refinement of the "sync-sound" system a hand-held 16mm camera used in tandem with a synchronous, but separate, tape recorder With this system two people operating as it were, independently together—constitute a complete film crew, able to follow any subject anywhere and capture its full sight-and-sound reality Pennebaker and Leacock were among the first to realize that this technique had more to offer than merely better documentaries." Rather it made possible a whole new experience of art and life

Leacock-Pennebaker, Inc. (established 1964) occupies the ninth and tenth floors of a building on 45th Street The nerve center is a spacious, cluttered office cum family room on the ninth floor overlooking a home roof across the street During the filming of his *One American Movie*, Godard made use of this accident by locating the rock n'roll Jefferson Airplane atop the hotel and filming them in full electronic cry out the window a sequence enlivened by the participation of several exasperated cops who showed up demanding that the noise be stopped and were alternately humored and ignored by the crew (Meanwhile, passers-by on the street below were bopping to the music and shouting "More ") Eventually an actor, Rip Torn and David McMullin chairman of Leacock-Pennebaker, were hauled off to the clink and slapped with nearly a dozen charges (later reduced to four mad summonses) Throughout it all Godard and Leacock had got a lot of great shots of the police beaboring people and Pennebaker had got a lot of great shots of Godard and Leacock filming the police and Leacock had even got some shots of Pennebaker filming Godard filming the police Everybody was fairly ecstatic about the whole thing

The energy and idealism that fuel the Leacock-Pennebaker enterprise, in the face of congenital economic unsuccess, is a little amazing when you consider the down-to-earth quality of the *cinema vérité* esthetic. The leonine Leacock (who got his start as a combat cameraman in World War II), cultivating a personal style like that of an urbane panda bear scoffs at the very idea that there is anything "artistic" about his work at all. "You're from *Avant-Garde* magazine, huh?" he said with mock gruffness when I met him "Well there's nothing avant-garde about us all that arty-farty stuff." Leacock's film style, which just happens to be artistic to a fantastic degree, is wry, detached and astringent he manipulates his camera like a scalpel whereas the more exuberant, less guarded Pennebaker tends to wield his like a coal shovel But both men are at pains to disclaim grandiose ambitions What they're after, they tell you with the sobriety of honest craftsmen is a certain kind of truth about reality a certain kind of "news

Actually from talking to Pennebaker and observing his irrepressible boyish insouciance, you begin to suspect that his real mainspring may be plain fun Pennebaker sometimes suspects this too of himself and the "adult" in his make-up is prone to disapprove "Sometimes I feel that what I'm doing is undignified like being a 50-year-old roller skating champion It's as if I'm not applying myself seriously to the Problems of Life Viewed from this angle, Pennebaker's *cinema verite* is a kind of glorified treasure hunt, with Truth standing in for the elusive box of Tootsie Rolls He chooses his subject-person, then sets off after him, psychic and filmic antennae waving with tape and camera. The solemnity associated with thus stripping bare a human being is simply spice to the adventure. Filming and editing, the two crucial parts of his enterprise, are processes he undergoes with terrific intensity, a mix of rapture and anxiety A casual remark made to him in the midst of either might elicit from this usually amiable fellow the kind of savage rejoinder you could expect from a surgeon in mid-suture

Pennebaker is personally intense and frenetic in direct proportion to the immediacy of his involvement in creating a film During a lull in production when the ninth-floor office is not alive with peppy anxious staffers, he can be almost calm He can even remember a time when he didn't want to be a filmmaker Born in Chicago, the son of prominent photographer John-Paul Pennebaker, he decided early on that the last thing he cared about was photography Following his parents' divorce and a childhood spent in various Midwestern places, he came East and attended Yale Having served three years in the Navy, he graduated from Yale in 1947 with a degree in mechanical engineering and immediately set up his own company "I wanted to be my own master...which I suppose is the standard rationale of the unemployable. His firm Electronics Engineering was a quick success designing, among other things, one of the first airline reservation computers and folded almost as fast With supreme inconstancy Pennebaker then tried painting. Another qualified flop

About this time (the early 50s) he was married and had started hanging out with some filmmakers, notably Francis Thompson creator of the classic, visually symphonic film *New York, New York* Pennebaker's innate curiosity about techniques and gadgetry led him to study closely Thompson's awesome repertoire of filmic tricks. From haunting the cutting rooms of his friends, he, a fast grad, graduated to prowling the streets with his own borrowed camera. His very first movie was a reverie on *Daybreak Express* (1954) a still probably one of the most swooningly lyrical five minutes of color film ever stuck together on a reel. Opening with a shot of a huge red sun popping out of the haze over Brooklyn Bridge the film proceeds through an increasingly frantic series of flashing views of subway and elevated trains, the skyline zipping past and abstract light effects to a gorgeous climax, all to the accompaniment of music by Duke Ellington

Pennebaker was soon scrambling like every other New York filmmaker for money, equipment and commercial assignments, the life's blood of his ridiculously expensive art. He met Leacock in 1959 in Moscow, of all places, where they happened to be working on different assignments. Leacock was (literally) staggering around at the time under the absurd weight of his first crude sync-sound rig The two men's mutual fascination with the possibilities of this device helped bring them together, and within a year they were collaborating under the benign auspices of one Robert Drew a former *Life* magazine reporter who had organized a corps of first-rate filmmakers to make TV documentaries for Time, Inc. There followed a charmed period of three years during which, assured of a mass wide audience (over ABC TV), Leacock and Pennebaker (and, for a time, Al and David Maysles) made the first masterpieces of *cinema verité*, including *Primary* (a harrowing close-up of the Kennedy-Humphrey primary fight in Wisconsin in 1960). *On the Pole* (a study of racing driver Eddie Sachs). *The Chair* (the death watch and final reprieve of Paul Crump *David* (a stay at Synanon with an addic-

Wild 90," Norman Mailer's ego-trip

trying to lock), and *Jane* (a portrait of Jane Fonda making her dismal Broadway debut). The series climaxed and ended with *Crisis* an inside look at the 1963 Alabama school crisis.

No one had seen anything quite like these films before. Their candor and intimacy were too much for some people to bear. Having seen the forthright record of her stage-fright, not-very-inspired acting, and over-all mixed-up state of mind, Jane Fonda reportedly took to her bed for a week and resumed psychiatric therapy. And when *Crisis* was shown, with scenes of Robert Kennedy conducting business with his feet propped on his desk, Nicholas Katzenbach in Alabama at the height of the tension having a cooing telephone conversation with RFK's little daughter Carine (Carine: "What're you doing?"), George Wallace exuding syrupy charm, and Jack Kennedy looking grave and a little grumpy when asked this was flashed on the nation's TV screens there was a horrified reaction from some quarters. *The New York Times* scolded in an editorial, that it was "improper to make a stage show of the inside processes of Government." One suspects that what exercised the *Times* was not so much the film's indiscretion (in fact the film is a model of taste and restraint, as it was the revelation that the "inner processes" of all-powerful "Government" are ultimately human and personal, processes that (for truth) our lives may be influenced by a young man who yawns and puts his feet on his desk. This is the kind of news ("what people are *really* up to," in Pennebaker's words) that, scandalous to the *Times* mentality, is the basic stuff of *cinéma vérité*.

In any case, and for whatever reasons, *Crisis* was the last work Leacock and Pennebaker did for Robert Drew and ABC. A year later they had their own company and were embarked on discovering things they could do with their medium that would have proved too tenuous for TV's delicate constitution. Pennebaker movies of the past four years include *Don't Look Back*, *You Know Something Is Happening* (another Dylan film in color), *You're Nobody Till Somebody Loves You* (a strange and lovely film about the marriage of Timothy Leary at his psychedelic retreat in Millbrook, N.Y.), *Elizabeth and Mary* (a study of two 10-year-old twin sisters in Queens, one normal and the other retarded), and *Monterey Pop* (a spectacular color record of the already-legendary 1967 festival of pop music at Monterey, California). Each of these films is a unique experience, a larger or smaller personal breakthrough. That's the way Pennebaker makes movies.

While being ostensibly the flattest and most straightforward of creations, the Pennebaker-type film when it "works" is among the most mysterious. It has no narrative or plot, no script, no set, no special lights, no (or almost) nothing. The prints in places may be somewhat overexposed or underexposed, grainy or blurred. The sound track is occasionally raucous and unintelligible. And there are queasy moments when the incessant rocking and jiggling of the hand-held camera make you wish for a dose of Dramamine. Yet, when it's all over you are often left with the sensation of having come to know the film's subject as well as you know yourself and in the same way: subjectively rather than objectively. It all depends, says Pennebaker, on the filmmaker's interest in his subject, the depth and validity of that interest which in turn depends on what is happening in his subject's life. "In reality, most people are faced continually with decisions that are more or less sad. But occasionally an extraordinary person will be forced to make a really *brutal* decision. That's what drama has always been about. Film offers us the first chance, really, to see things like this happen—things we once could only read about." Thus he likes to film people at crisis-points in their lives, points at which they either grow or shrink beyond normal stature and seem to wear their character in their eyes.

Obviously, no art in the world is so dependent upon luck and accident and few involve such grueling exertion and [illegible]. "It's like robbing a bank. It's very hard work. It's always raining, and you're constantly loaded down with 50 pounds of equipment. You can't be sick, you can't be late, you can't skip anything. You're with the subject all the time. You

have to pretend the camera's not heavy, that the film you shot and overexposed isn't. You can't shoot all the time: you'd drive everybody crazy, so you end up missing 90 per cent of what happens, and you sit there with the camera in your lap trying to make believe it doesn't matter. You feel unloved and unwanted. You have the strong feeling that you should be going to work every day at nine like everybody else." All for *la vérité*.

When the filming is over, a point Pennebaker knows he has reached when he finds himself shooting essentially the same things a second or third time, the editing begins. For Pennebaker, to edit is to relive the experience of shooting, attempting to make of it some sort of coherent filmic sense. He is aware of the multitudinous dangers that lurk in the cutting room: dangers of falsehood, sentimentality, and other types of distortion. "You can make Martin Luther King look like a fascist, if that's what you want to do." Thus, for one thing, he almost never puts a shot in out of its real-life time sequence, or allows a musical background, no matter what the dramatic bonus of such a move would be. He is contemptuous of the pretentiousness and banality of most commercial "documentary" makers who have learned to create a certain kind of product by combining flashy editing, a glib "message," and the grainy feel that distinguishes "truth" cinema with little regard for the truth of the material they use. When Robert Kennedy died, a commercial filmmaker stitched together a lot of old footage, including some by Pennebaker, to make a film eulogy, which was then shown at the Democratic convention. Very emotional, but was it true? "Well," says Pennebaker, "he has this one shot I made of Kennedy pensively looking out a window during the school crisis and on the sound track the narrator is talking about the Cuban Missile Crisis! Now maybe this doesn't matter, but I happen to think that it matters *a lot*. It involves a whole attitude toward what you're doing. Are you going to tolerate lies and bullshit in your work or aren't you?"

Pennebaker compares the run-of-the-mill TV documentary with a bad geography book which shows you a picture of a mountain and tells you in a caption: "Bananas grow on mountains around Montevideo." "Like, who cares? What's the point? If you want people to care, you have to make it so that when they look at your picture they *know* that this mountain is in Montevideo. Right away they should know something about Montevideo they never knew before. Or about mountains. Or about *something*. I don't know how you do it, but that's what the art has to be about. It's a very delicate thing." A delicate thing and Pennebaker pursues it with a pure dedication. Like the Zen archer he waits for the feeling of the target to come over him; hope flies without exactly aiming. The frequency of his bull's-eyes, his filmic moments of almost unbearable insight and poignancy, attest his possession of that filmmaker's sixth sense: the sense of what is just about to happen.

This is the special gift of the filmmaker dealing in real situations, but it has also served Pennebaker well in the shooting of Norman Mailer's movies, movies that are in effect artificially contrived *cinéma vérité*. Mailer tells his actors who they are and what the situation is, and he may suggest lines, mannerisms, or bits of business, but from then on it's all improvisation, with the filmmaker scrambling to catch what's happening just as he would "in life." This approach can produce abysmal depths of boring self-indulgence, and Mailer's films have been roasted by most critics, but it can also give rise to moments of excruciating dramatic strength and brilliance. The main element is unpredictability, and for the filmmaker this, along with the attendant ambiguity between acting and not-acting, theater and reality, can be perilous.

Mailer's *Maidstone*, which is still in the process of being edited, was filmed last summer at a huge estate on Long Island. It is a movie supposedly about one Norman T. Kingsley (Mailer), a candidate for President beset by assassination threats and other vicissitudes of an insane world. The shooting was marathon, all packed into three days. At a given moment, a half-dozen different scenes might be in the process of being filmed in different parts of the estate. Actors wandered around, "in character," and had impromptu scenes before handy cameras with other actors. Everybody (but not Pennebaker) drank a lot. By the third day a certain air of fatigue, obsessiveness, and subdued hysteria had crept into the proceedings.

At one point Pennebaker spotted actor Rip Torn walking, apparently obliviously, to cameras and anything else through the woods with a claw hammer in his hand. His sixth sense quivered so he shouldered his camera and set off in pursuit. For several minutes Pennebaker tracked Torn, shooting away. Suddenly they came upon Mailer, who was taking a break with his wife and children. "I knew all along that something was going to happen," but what? Rip Torn hit Norman Mailer on the head with his hammer.

There was a lot of blood. The two men struggled, Mailer yelled for help, his wife and children were screaming hysterically. Pennebaker, seeing it all through the lens of his camera, felt sick. "My senses told me that I was seeing Norman being murdered. But I could do it. Maybe somehow, on some level, Rip was aware of what he was doing and was pulling his blows. But Norman was really frightened. He called to me for help. You can see it on the film." Confused, Pennebaker stayed behind his camera. Others arrived to separate Mailer and Torn. No one could definitely decide whether the attack had been "real" or not, and Torn (whose ear Mailer had practically bitten off) wasn't telling. Pennebaker was left with some great footage and a small trauma.

Which brings up the greatest weakness, and perhaps the greatest potential strength, of *cinéma vérité*. To what extent does the presence of the camera affect what happens in front of it? Is it possible for people to behave as they would ordinarily, with a camera looking on? or might everything they do be done to some extent for the camera? Obviously there is no straight answer to these questions, which arise in the shadowy frontier region between art and life. This region may in fact be the next arena for Mr. Pennebaker, though we might expect in the meantime that, like Mr. Leacock, he will be at pains to avoid an overdose of "that arty-farty stuff" and will continue to bring us the news, the *real* news.

Don't Look Back: Dylan, [illegible]

[illegible]

O Precious Balls, Farewell!

O prison-home, O sweetness gone, O dream vanished!
Elysium of Beauty: Ocean shored with palm,
Fierce midnights, sated mornings, days of sun-drenched calm
O shorn locks, O velvet skin close clutched, deep-ravished

Come, Love, and dream with me of some tough lover,
Big as the world, hair shadowed, flecked with dusky grace
Ready to lodge us tight, and naked, in his dark embrace
His smoking belly, and his golden thighs, our cover

A roughneck, hotly glowing, of archangelic make,
His upflung wreathed with scented bloom, the loveliness
Brought by your bright and tremulous hands to bless
A noble flank—now reeling, from the fuck you take

O sadness in my mouth! O bitter, bitter rue!
O swelling heart! These joys which wrought a fragrant spell
Are leaving me; for lovers go. O precious balls, farewell!
O cock, which chokes my voice with happy insolence, adieu, adieu.

The Dem_.se of Death

THANKS TO NEW SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES, THE ONLY THING WE CAN BE SURE OF NOW IS....TAXES

BY R. MICHAEL DAVIDSON

"Since those first days in Eden, Man has been accused of despoiling Nature, of ravaging her physical wonders, of spurning her spiritual gifts. I, for one, repudiate these charges. With failing health I can but dwell on Nature's far crueler crimes against man. What if not mortal injury is this natural phenomenon we call aging? And what, if not the final slur, the supreme insult is this natural thing we call death? Will Man, armed with the guns of science never strike back?" Dr. Gunnar Beading

Those guns, unfortunately, did not respond in time to save the irascible Dr. Beading, but, in the two decades since his death, science *has* begun arming itself and to the teeth against future assaults. On every scientific frontier—be it physics, chemistry, physiology, genetics, electronics, or biology—impressive, and sometimes bizarre, research is being carried out in strenuous pursuit of immortality. The will not only to live but to live endlessly today galvanizes the scientific community that only a few years ago exhibited nothing but contempt for the "fictionalists" of life-everlasting.

It is estimated that the National Institute of Health is now spending nearly $50 million annually on hundreds of research projects concerned with death and aging. In the United States alone there are some 1,500 research teams whose mission can only be described as all-out war on death.

Optimism about the prospects for decisively overcoming the world's number-one killer "disease" aging is running high. Dr. A. L. D'Abreu told an assembly at the Royal College of Surgeons recently that even those present would probably live to be at least 180 thanks to the massive research effort now underway in all areas of science and medicine.

Even without massive efforts, however, few doubt that immortality will eventually be realized and that dramatic extensions of youthful vigor and total life span are just around the corner. Before examining the research in progress which encompasses procedures that could be applied here and now to help man live longer it is necessary to understand something about the process of aging itself.

In some respects we begin to decline in energy and mental acuity at the moment of birth, for, by definition, with each passing moment we age, "progressing" steadily toward death. But the real damage begins to set in during the mid-twenties. "You don't feel it right away," one biologist says sardonically, "but by the time you reach 30 your irreplaceable brain cells are already dying off at the rate of 100,000 every day." Indeed, between the ages of 30 and 90, provided that one lives that long, brain weight drops from an average of more than three pounds to a little more than two pounds. Muscle weight falls off by 30 per cent, and with that fall, the heart diminishes in efficiency, pumping only half the blood that it did at its peak. The number of nerve fibers in our bodies fall by a quarter and those that remain operate 15 per cent more slowly than they once did substantially dulling our reaction time. Nephrons that remove waste materials from the blood diminish radically, and even our taste buds fall from 250 per papilla in youth to 80 in old age.

What is the mechanism responsible for this ugly decay? Can it be destroyed—or at least thwarted?

A number of theories have been advanced over the years to explain aging and death, but the one that now seems most viable is the so-called cell-death theory. It maintains that senescence sets in due to the random failure and death of cells throughout the body. When enough cells die the entire individual dies. Particularly affected by this process are those tissues that are unable to replace dead cells, namely muscles and nerves. The fact that so many people die of heart failure (as opposed to, say, liver failure) supports this theory. The heart, unlike the liver, is really just a specialized muscle, the cells of which can never be replaced once destroyed. The liver, on the other hand, can regenerate lost cells in old age just as easily as in youth.

But the question remains. *Why* do these cells die? No one is yet absolutely certain. When we know we will be able to decisively control aging and probably eliminate death if we wish. A number of theories are presently being discounted. The notions that cells simply "run out of gas," become clogged with their own wastes, or are damaged by atmospheric radiation have not fared well under laboratory scrutiny. But a theory proposed by the Finnish chemist John Bjorksten has.

Bjorksten's "cross-linking" theory holds that the long-chain molecules that form the all important nuclei of the cells become snarled up and thus are unable to function, resulting in cell death. Bjorksten and now many other scientists—believe that stray protein-like molecules or bits of molecules drift into the cells and accidentally attach themselves at various points to the long-chain molecules. Eventually everything becomes so gummed up that the cell dies. The villains in this case these stray bits of molecules, the presence of which has been detected chemically and even microscopically are known as "age pigments."

Bjorksten believes there are bacteria that can dissolve these cross-linkages and thus not only delay aging but perhaps arrest cell death altogether. Scientists do have leads that point to the existence of such bacteria, though they have not yet actually isolated them. But even if such bacteria are never found or controlled it is likely that modern science will be able to synthesize agents capable of selectively dissolving these pigments.

The cell-death theory while it may be adequate to explain normal aging processes, cannot, however, account for the phenomenon we call "overnight aging." Some creatures, such as the unfortunate salmon, appear to be naturally "programmed" to die what seems to us to be a premature death. When man turns gray "before his time," however, it would appear to be the result of some defect in a still mysterious cellular mechanism. Eventually scientists are confident this life-span mechanism will be understood and subjected to manipulation. The technology for such feats is already being perfected by geneticists who are rapidly mastering the new science of "cellular surgery."

While geneticists learn how to make radical and lasting changes in the aging mechanism at the molecular level of life, however, other scientists are exploring different avenues with considerable success. Some of these are not only bizarre but macabre, all are extraordinary. What follows is a sampling of the various approaches.

Fasting for Immortality?

Not at all, out of the question, say gerontologists who for years have been pondering the now famous experiments of Dr. C. M. McCay at Cornell University. Dr. McCay took two groups of rats, all the same age, and placed them on different diets. One group was fed on a regimen that, while not excessive, insured a maximum growth rate. The other group was given a skimpy bill-of-fare guaranteed to minimize growth rate. Astoundingly, the "underprivileged" rats lived twice as long as their well-fed brethren. This approach has been followed up by a Chicago research team which was able to extend the lives of rats 20 per cent simply by forcing them to fast every third day. One of these researchers was so impressed that he began fasting himself. It is certain now that long-range experiments will shortly be conducted with humans.

Dr. Bjorksten theorizes that fasting prolongs life because it diminishes the consumption of "age-pigment" molecules that interfere with cell functions. Others believe that fasting simply delays maturation and extends life in the pre-adult period only. This seems to have been the case, at any rate, with Dr. McCay's rats. Still, it is surely better to add 20 or 30 years to one's life while young rather than while too old to enjoy them.

Peter Pan Is Alive and Well—In a Hormone

It was British physiologist Sir Vincent Wigglesworth who discovered him there. Wigglesworth, experimenting with butterflies and other insects that metamorphose from larval to adult stages of development, found that a specific hormone governs this remarkable phenomenon and keeps the insect young until a preprogrammed time. Excited cosmetics manufacturers immediately dubbed the chemical in question which Wigglesworth named "ecdysone" the "Peter Pan hormone" because it seemed to have the power to keep an organism

in a state of androgenous youth, reminiscent of the imperishable Pan. And in fact Wigglesworth did demonstrate that ecdysone could do just that and more—at least in insects. He located the glands that secrete the hormone in a very young insect and transplanted them into a second, older insect that was about to metamorphose. He was overjoyed to find that the second insect remained a larva and continued to grow. When it did at last metamorphose it was a giant insect. Here was a superior animal, indeed—one that not only lived much longer than its peers but also towered over them in physical stature. (And Wigglesworth could have gone on implanting immature ecdysone glands into his experimental animal indefinitely, thus insuring it youthful immortality and ever-increasing size.)

Could this incredible technique ever be applied to man? Many scientists think so, provided that the human equivalent of ecdysone can be found and isolated. Researchers are encouraged by the fact that cessation of growth and the simultaneous onset of maturity in man are definitely controlled by the brain—and therefore, presumably by a specific hormone. Certainly the prospect of prolonging life at a period when both physical and mental development are approaching a peak is well worth pursuing. The "spin-off" of this particular approach to immortality could prove to be nothing less than the birth of an entire new superrace.

There are other hormones already available, which, contrary to what Wordsworth said in his ode on "Intimations of Immortality," are something that *can* bring back "the hour of splendour in the grass and glory in the flower." At least temporarily. Injections of synthetic hormones called "anabolics" can give a 70-year-old the muscular strength and tone of a man 20 or 30 years younger, build up his weight, stop bone decay, and tighten up the skin. Eventually, it is believed, it will be possible to implant the glands that secrete hormones directly into the aging body, thus avoiding the need for frequent injections.

The Electronic Pause That Refreshes. Very recently Drs. R.A. Duffee and R.H. Koontz at Battelle Memorial Institute performed a startling demonstration suggesting that the presence of negatively charged molecules of air (called ions) in the atmosphere can induce youthful vigor and improved mental acuity in animals. The Battelle team utilized two groups of laboratory rats. Half of the rats were young—only three months. The other half were 14 months, retired breeders past their prime. Some of the rats from both age brackets were housed in a chamber containing normal air (which has about 600 negative ions per cubic centimeter). Another group, also consisting of young and old rats, was placed in an environment with a concentration of 140,000 negative ions per cc.

It has long been casually noted that negatively charged ions seem to have an exhilarating effect on animals, including man, so Drs. Duffee and Koontz were interested in determining the specific effects of a heavy dose of ions on the performance of animals. For this purpose they used a water maze through which the rats had to wend their way in order to reach a warm, comfortable box. The water was very cold, so the rats had sufficient incentive not to dawdle.

Young rats from the normal atmosphere were able to get through the maze, as expected, much faster than their fathers, who had also been breathing normal air. The old rats that had been inhaling air laced with negative ions, however, were able to far surpass the performance of the untreated older rats. The old, ionized rats were able to swim through the maze in only 11 minutes, 40 seconds, compared with a slothful 40 minutes, 56 seconds, for the untreated graybeards, who seemed to be confused by the maze. By the second heat the old ion-exposed rats were racing through the maze even faster than the untreated young rats.

Scientists are now willing to say that negative ions *definitely* have remarkably beneficial effects on the mental and physical performances of aging animals. Since the aging processes in man and the lower animals are essentially the same, scientists fully expect man to reap the benefits of charged air. Experiments with humans are now being planned.

It Preserves Potato Chips. So Why Not People? "It," in this case, is BHT, a modern chemical additive used to preserve potato chips, salad oils, and breakfast cereals. It took Dr. Denham Harman of the University of Nebraska Medical School to ask, "Why not people, too?" But, like all good scientists, Dr. Harman has set to work experimenting with lab animals first. So far the results have been sensational. Working with two sets of mice, both of the same breed and average age, Dr. Harman found that the animals whose diet included BHT lived 50 per cent longer than the mice fed a regular diet. BHT, Dr. Harmon believes, slows down the chemical reactions within the body—perhaps at the cellular level—and thus retards aging. More, of course, will have to be known about this seemingly miraculous substance before humans can start taking it on a daily basis, but its tremendous promise is readily apparent.

Freeze Now, Live Later. Cryogenics, the science of super-cool, provides a possible approach to immortality that has already been seized upon by Dr. James H. Bedford. Dr. Bedford, a professor of psychology, recently died of cancer at age 73. Under the direction of the Cryonics Society of California, Dr. Bedford's body was immediately injected with heparin, an anticoagulant, and connected to a heart-lung machine. While the heart machine kept blood surging to the brain, the attending physician packed the body in ice bringing its temperature down to 8°Centigrade. At this point the blood was drained from Dr. Bedford's body and replaced with the controversial new wonder drug DMSO to help keep the cells from bursting under the force of freezing. The body, then packed in dry ice and lowered to a frigid 79°C., was flown to the Cryo-Care Equipment Corporation in Phoenix, Arizona, for permanent storage in liquid nitrogen at a temperature of 190°C.

Dr. Bedford was neither fanatic nor cultist. Nor did he imagine that the cryo-burial just described would not, in addition to preserving his body indefinitely, do some damage to it as well. But he hoped that science would, in the decades to come, discover some means of reviving long-frozen bodies and, with the technological advances of a new era, repair that damage *and* overwhelm whatever disease or trauma had caused death. Dr. Bedford left a legacy of $200,000 to found the Bedford Foundation for Cryobiological Research whose mission will be to seek ever better methods of storing bodies and then, when science has found a cure for such things as cancer, of reviving them for a new life.

Organizations patterned after the Life Extension Society, founded by the physicist Robert C.W. Ettinger, claim thousands of members, dozens of whom have already made arrangements for cryo-burials and for the maintenance of their frozen bodies through the decades to come. There are some eccentrics in the ranks, such as the Oklahoma couple that has requested that their pet Chihuahua be frozen and stored with them. There are also some real pioneers, such as the young Frenchman who has volunteered to be frozen right now, without waiting for death by disease, accident, or old age. Generally, though, members tend to be well-educated, articulate, prosperous and, in most cases, either atheistic or at least agnostic. None seems worried about the locus of the soul while the body is in suspension.

Ettinger and his followers are placing all their faith in medical science, some of the leaders of which now predict the successful cold-storage of entire organs as early as 1971. If this is achieved there is no question that cryogenics will offer a viable approach to dramatic life extension. Insect larvae have been frozen for as long as 10 years and then successfully revived. And even dogs and monkeys have "come back from the dead" after being kept at sub-zero body temperatures for as long as an hour. In an even more promising experiment, Japanese researchers have stored the brain of a cat in protective glycerol at 20°C. for no less than seven months. They were able to report that the brain exhibited regular electrical activity after it was restored to normal temperature.

Hibernation as a Way of Life. Or, more to the point, as a way of achieving longer life. Some scientists suggest that, long before the deep freeze really catches on, it will become routine for man to hibernate like the hedgehog, thus adding years to his life. After all, hibernation is already part of nature's repertoire, a variety of animals do it all the time. Scientists involved in the space effort have been among those particularly keen to add this phenomenon to man's own bag of tricks. Some have proposed that astronauts hibernate on the long journeys to the outer planets of our own solar system and, eventually, on the even longer forays to the other stars. Hibernation, they argue, would retard aging, minimize the amount of food, water, and oxygen required by the astronauts, and eliminate the serious problem of boredom.

During hibernation body temperature falls often to only a few degrees above freezing. The lungs draw air only once every two or three minutes. The metabolic rate declines dramatically. And the heart, which generally beats 70 times a minute, slows to five or six strokes per minute, consequently wearing out much more slowly.

Dr. R.R.J. Chaffee, a zoologist at the University of Missouri, has been conducting research with hamsters that provides some hope that man might eventually be able to reap the benefits of hibernation for himself. Dr. Chaffee worked with two hamster populations—one a hibernating variety, the other a nonhibernating strain. Through interbreeding of the two varieties he was able to induce hibernation into the stock of the nonhibernating type, proving that the phenomenon is determined by a genetic code. It may, therefore, be possible to discover the enzymes that control the code and inject them, either in natural or synthetic form, into our bodies, inducing hibernation at the desired moment.

In his book *Profiles of the Future*, astrophysicist Arthur C. Clarke predicted that man would achieve suspended animation by the year 2650. Now he has revised his estimate, foreseeing its use in space travel as early as the year 2000.

Beyond these approaches to immortality, of course, there are a great many others bound to have considerable impact. The heart-lung machine, along with intravenous feeding techniques, for example, have already contributed to the overthrow of our old notions of death. Modern medical technology can keep bodies, if not always minds, functioning for weeks and even years beyond the point that only a short while ago would have been termed clinical death. Even more dramatic, at least in potential, is the sort of technique developed by Dr. Robert J. White to sustain the life functions of brains *outside* the body. Even at this early stage of research, isolated animal brains and entire severed heads have been kept alive for days. And says Dr. White, "The possibility of maintaining a human brain is definitely there." Only the "social implications" have so far prevented him from attempting such a feat.

In addition, this is the era of transplants, not only of natural parts but also of artificial parts. Whereas a new human heart might help an old man live 20 years longer, a plastic heart might enable him to live 50 years beyond the span allotted him by nature, particularly if supplemented with a few of the other mechanical "spare parts" now in the laboratory works. Eventually, some scientists and engineers believe, man may achieve immortality simply by trading in all his temporal bits and pieces for durable plastic and metal replacements.

Just how society is going to cope with all this is another matter. In order to grasp the immense complexities posed by immortality, one need only consider the implications of a single approach to it—suspended animation, for example. When a person is deposited in a cryocrypt or a hibernaculum, what rights do his heirs have to his estate? Might they not be tempted to "forget" to revive him? Could a wife remarry while her husband was in suspension? How will children respond to a suddenly revived father who is now younger than they are? What if the suspendee runs out of maintenance funds, do you then discard his body? Can his heirs collect his insurance at the time of his death, even if he has opted to go into suspension? More important, what happens to our concept of murder if corpses are potentially revivable? What of suicide? Could a doctor be accused of murder for failing to freeze someone? What does society do if masses of people, bored with the present-day world, decide to freeze themselves for a century or so?

Then there is the more general and more pressing question of world overpopulation. Will only select individuals be crowned with immortality or will the mantle be extended to all? Will society decide to forcibly halt all propagation and simply carry on with those already present and accounted for, engineering evolutionary changes in this perpetual population as it goes on for eternity? Will man be able to endure the strain of living forever? Will the most valuable members of society be denied the right to die? Will death become the most sought-after luxury?

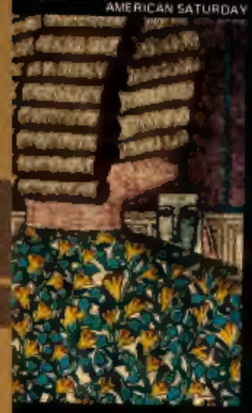
One noted gerontologist has put it thusly:

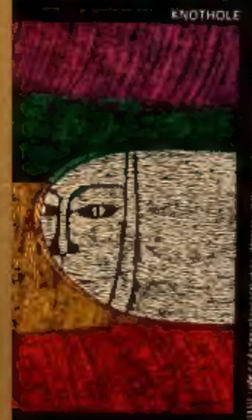
"The world of tomorrow, all of its probable advantages notwithstanding, will be a world of less certainty than the present one. For the moment, anyway, our world still has the two traditional certainties: death and taxes. But I think we're going to wake up some morning, perhaps soon, and find that all we have left is taxes."

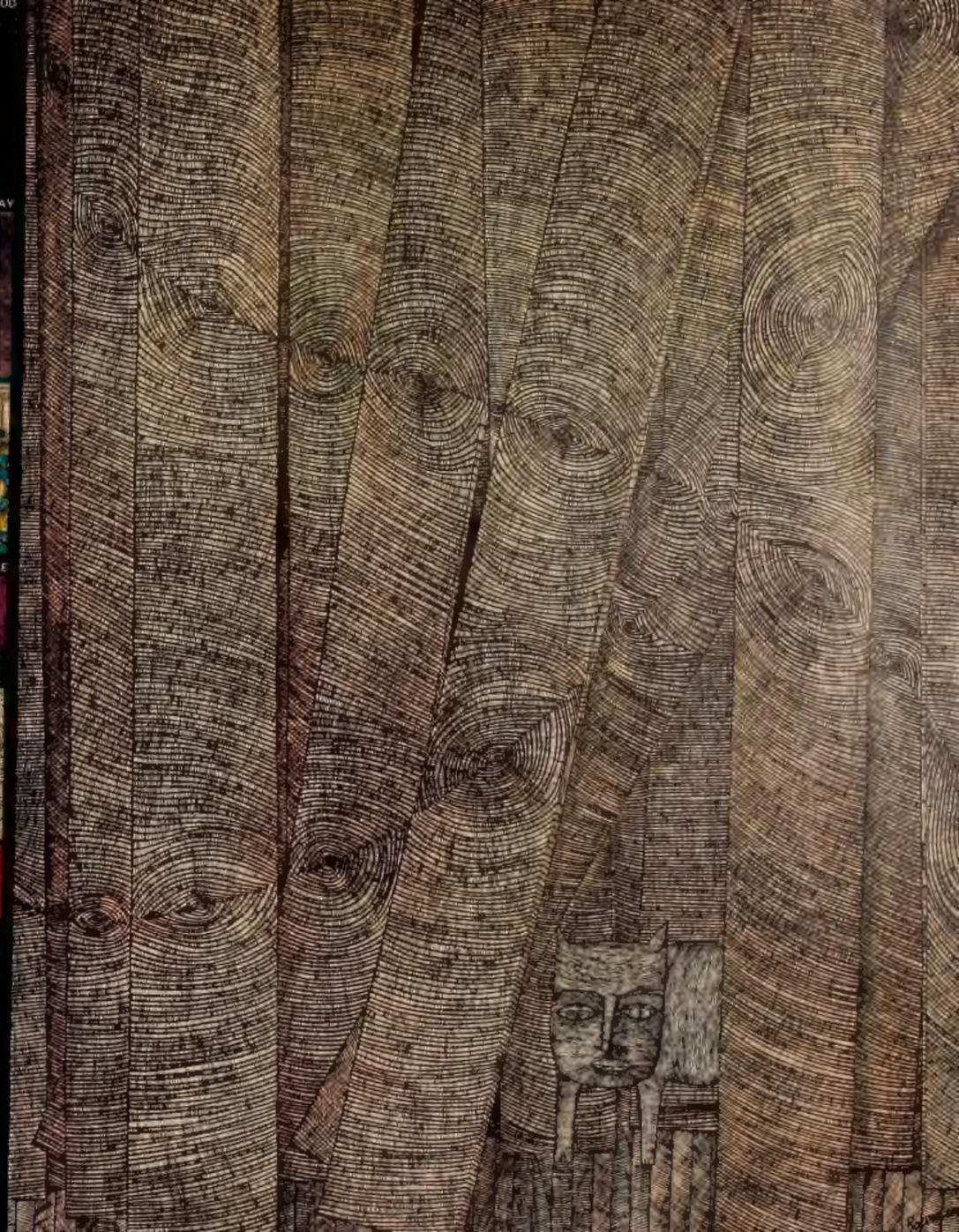
PUSSY GALORE!

THE CAT DRAWINGS OF GUY BOURDIN

Young French artist (and fashion photographer) Guy Bourdin displays that singular Gallic genius for mingling, in one sensibility, elegance, wit, and obsession. What could be prettier than these delicate drawings aglow with lambent watercolor hues? What could be cuter than his whimsical cats? His cats! There is, after all, something really disquieting about their vaguely human features and utterly inhuman, sphinx-like expressions. And once you are put on your guard by the cats, you begin to notice other things about the pictures they inhabit. There is the relentless detail, the packing of every square centimeter of surface with tiny meshes of line; and the oddly sensual quality of certain shapes. There is, especially, the foliage, which seems almost to be transplanted from the exotic, archetypal jungles of Rousseau. What we have here is the vision of a "primitive" (or naif, as the French charmingly have it) mated to the sophistication of an expert colorist and draughtsman. The naiveté and the know-how combine at once to reinforce and to further camouflage the awful and/or ecstatic mystery of what those cats know that you and I do not and never will.







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The creation of **Nudes of Yesteryear** was a formidable undertaking. It required literally thousands upon thousands of man-hours of toil (labor of love, you might call it). Researchers were dispatched to libraries, museums, and photo archives on three continents. The world's foremost graphic designer, Herb Lubalin (who happens also to be the art director of Avant-Garde), was retained to design the book. And nothing but the finest craftsmanship—including duotone offset lithography, Kabel typography, and pre-imprinted case-binding, ordinarily found in artbooks costing upwards of $25—was ordered for the book's manufacture.

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